SWEDEN AIDS WORLD PEACE BY PRESS VISIT

Newspapermen of 36 Countries Gather for Study and Entertainment

BROAD VISION EVIDENCED

Working Out Own Salvation, She Delivers Message of Hope to Others

By HUGH REDWOOD

(Foreign Editor of the London Daily News and Special Correspondent of Universal Service.)

Stockholm, Aug. 11. — Sweden this year has done some big things in a big way. She has made Gothenburg's civic tercentenary the occasion of what must be the most striking and comprehensive exhibition of its kind; and at Stockholm she has celebrated the 400th anniversary of her great liberator, Gustavus Vasa, by opening a City Hall which will rank among the artistic wonders of the world.

Primarily, of course, both the Gothenburg Exhibition and the Stockholm Stadshuset are domestic affairs, but it was not likely that a people so thoroughly organized as the Swedes would overlook their wider importance from the standpoint of world propaganda. And so it came about that there was projected an "International Press Visit to Sweden," with the exhibition and the opening of the City Hall as the central features in a round of study, sight-seeing and entertainment covering a very much wider field, covering, in fact, practically the whole of a country whose area is very nearly half as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland.

VISIT WELL HANDLED.

The idea is by no means a new one. Modern publicity has exploited it, and modern propaganda has abused it for many years past in one form or another, with the result that journalism of the better class has come to regard these junketings with considerable qualms.

Sweden handled this matter also in a big way. I am not alluding here to the scale or scope of her hospitality, though neither could well have been surpassed, but to the greatness of her vision.

Herself a heavy sufferer by reason of the deepening chaos in Central Europe, she saw a ray of hope in the possibility of bringing together the moulders of public opinion from almost every corner of the earth; herself in the van of those peoples who have set themselves to work out their own salvation, she made ready to deliver a message of encouragement to others as yet less resourceful and less disciplined.

No fewer than thirty-six different countries were represented at the first meeting of the delegates in the stock exchange at Gothenburg. The only notable absentee was Russia, and Sweden, after all, is only human.

LANGUAGE EXPERTS.

It was no easy affair to deal with a score of separate and distinct languages; no easy business to draw up programs in which French and Germans, Turks and Greeks, Americans and Japanese should meet on an equal and friendly footing; but, to outward appearances, at any rate, the thing was done.

American and English correspondents would do well to ponder the fact that the majority of Swedish journalists can speak with fluency at least two languages besides their own, and many of them three. And we came to look upon it as no phenomenon when the Mayor of a small provincial town, about the size of Chorley, saw on Ramsgate or Wednesbury, gave his speech of welcome in English, French and German successively.

We, for our part, mostly preferred not to adventure beyond the depths of our mother tongue, though Lord Burnham, our senior British spokesman, maintained his reputation as an orator in French and another Englishman spoke publicly at one time in French, German, Spanish and (to the extent of a peroration) Swedish.

There was always some Swede at hand who could translate; always one who could tactfully settle the question of pronounce which so agitated some of our Continental brethern, and so tickled ourselves from England.

I've learned to hear patiently with the fact that if a Frenchman spoke, a German would assuredly follow, and that immediately a Spaniard sat down a Swiss would be lifted "In the name of the Portuguese delegation——" We found this kind of thing as amusing as the incident at Gothenburg, when the Hungarian band, to compliment to the oratory of Lord Burnham, played "Yankee Doodle."

The all-important point was that every speech breathed the same sentiment of intentional friendship. "Siamo stanchi di odio" ("We are tired of hatred"), cried Senator Rapisli, on one occasion, and M. Lecomte, the chief French delegate, ran across the room to him to endorsed is words.

It is unthinkable that a Press "International" of this kind should yield no fruits. Sooner or later we all see them. In the meantime, Sweden will be the first to follow Sweden's lead and call a similar re-

'HOUSING RING' KEEPS BRITISH POOR IN HOVELS

Prices of Building Materials Touch Dizzy Heights and Scare Investors

GOVERNMENT HESITATES

Frightful Conditions Lead to Demand for Passage of Real Reform Law

By JOHN T. BURKE.

Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

London, Aug. 11.—While the government is still dilly-dallying over the passage of a real measure of housing reform that will alter the frightful conditions that obtain among the families of workers, laudified in a Jack Jones, Labor M. P., terms "rabbit hutches," the "housing ring" is keeping the prices of materials so high that private interests, notoriously foolhardy, refuse to invest any money in the erection of homes for the poorer classes.

From all urban sections of Great Britain come reports that babies are being killed by terrible housing conditions—reports that justify the application of the unparliamentary epithet "murderers" used by labor members in denouncing the parsimonious economy of the Board of Health in reducing the appropriation to provide milk for poor children of Scotland.

The National Babe Association, shocked by the deplorable growth in infant mortality, at its recent conference here went on record in ringing resolutions demanding that the government build sanitary homes for workmen and their families, to be rented on reasonable terms, as the one way to check the ever-sliding percentage of little ones robbed of a chance to live.

INFANT MORTALITY HIGH.

In supporting the resolution Miss Sidney Bushell, director of the Gordon Cities and Towns Planning Association, declared that the average death rate among infants in cities and towns, especially in mining and industrial districts, was from two to four times as great as in agricultural neighborhoods.

Miss Bushell asserted that in Welwyn Garden City, a little town of sanitary, comfortable homes for workers, not a single child of five years or under had died since the houses were built three years ago, while in one area in Bursleem with its wretched shacks for workers' families, the infant mortality rate was fifty-six per 1,000 births.

The worst housing conditions in London obtain in the Whitechapel district where there are out of every 1,000 babies born die in their first year and the percentage of deaths among children up to the age of ten is a frightful indictment of those responsible for the utterly wretched conditions of the hovels that house the poor.

A painful sidelight is thrown on the almost unbelievable housing conditions in Atherton by a report in the Daily Express, which recites the grievous fact that a complaint was recently received by the town board, that, owing to lack of accommodation, two little children were forced to sleep for two nights in a room with their dead mother.

PLEADS FOR LAW.

One of the members of the board pointed out that this shocking condition of things was due to the shortage of houses and that there was no doubt that was one of many similar cases. Councillor Thom, M. P. for Atherton, said that it had been suggested to said that the bodies of children dying in the courts and yards should be carried to the sanitary, but he was afraid that most parents would object to this course.

The Mayor of Bootle explained that the reason for the delay of the about-to-be-adopted some time ago by the council and been rejected by the Ministry of Health, which would hold a local inquiry before the houses could be erected to replace the dwellings it is proposed to demolish.

Manchester City Council recently pleaded for the passage of the housing measure by the government so that it could forward its scheme to build 500 houses for working class families. During the discussion Alderman Hewitt, chairman of the committee, stated that during the last four years there had been more than 50,000 marriages in Manchester and during that period less than 5,000 houses had been built.

In the light of these revelations mid-Victorian Tory Lord Curzon's sympathize with the four suspended Scottish Labor M. P.'s who denounced the opponents of state aid to poor children for selfish "not in our Herodine Herod" with all that implies.

COMMUNISTS OUSTING CUNO AND CABINET

Berlin, Aug. 11. — Persistent reports are current that Chancellor Wilhelm Cuno and his government would resign next week as a result of the attacks against them from the Reichstag on Monday, will take up the lack of confidence resolution introduced yesterday by the communists.

A later report said Chancellor Cuno might resign this afternoon.

The issue will be decided by the Social Democrats. If they refrain from voting or if the vote goes against the Cabinet, it will be sure to fall Monday.

Beauties of All Nations

Painted Especially For This Page By Albert Vargas

American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, August 12, 1923

No. 1—Spain

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning.

BYRON: Don Juan.

What? Sleep With Your Windows Shut!

And Rainy Days Are More Healthful Than Nice, Breezy, Sunny Days--- These Are Some of the Newest Teachings of Science

At the Play Grounds in Central Park 199 Germs Fell in Five Minutes on the Plate Shown Here.

At a Fountain in Union Square 219 Germs Were Caught on a Gelatine Covered Plate in the Same Time.

In the Neighborhood of Fifth Avenue and 42d Street Where 191 Microbes Fell on This Plate in Five Minutes.

RECENT study and investigation of the air we breathe in cities has led scientific investigators to express the advice to sleep with your bedroom windows open. A direct testimony to a healthier bedroom in the city, at least, is asserted.

And at the same time the popular notion that rainy weather is unhealthy weather is upset, and it is now announced by scientific investigators that the bright, dry, sunny day with a breeze at third is not as healthful as the rainy day.

It is from a mass of dust particles and the germs which ride on the particles of dust that the recent conclusions of science have been drawn. There is inevitably, throughout the whole atmosphere of the earth, a certain amount of dust. But man with his belching furnaces of smoke, whirring wheels of industry and wear and tear and friction and dirt of modern city life has tremendously increased Nature's own supply of dust. This is especially true in the great cities of the world, over whose busy inhabitants hangs a dam of dust.

The dust-atmosphere is composed of particles of every conceivable substance capable of being ground up by the wear and tear of the city and by the decomposition and disintegration of everything used or manufactured by the innumerable activities of all the people.

All the dust waves, however, nobody pulls most washing it off at convenient opportunities, but scientists have found out sitting astride the dust particles are some of most of the filthy germs which are breathed into the human system.

And now the important and disconcerting discovery has just been made that ordinary street traffic is one of the problems in public hygiene. The insufficient combustion of gasoline and oil is not only causing serious disorders, but is weakening and sometimes poisoning people so as to hasten the action of many of the disease germs found in dust.

Carbon monoxide, one of the deadliest gases known, is the new danger. After driving about the city taking samples of street air, Professor Henderson, of Yale, declared that sufficient carbon monoxide was found along some parts of Fifth avenue to kill everybody breathing it if they were compelled to remain on that thoroughfare a sufficient length of time.

As a result of this new contamination in the air of large cities, scientists have mentioned the popular notion that an open window is a sure way to health.

Besides ruling about on dust particles, bacteria are also capable of fresh chilling anything they manage to get hold of. Window draperies, woolen blankets and clothes are their favorite resting places, so that scientists have recently called the "fresh air crank's" idea of living and sleeping in rooms with wide-open windows is not so very healthful after all. Especially on hot, windy days a room with windows left open becomes a germ trap, catching whatever bacteria are blown into it with every gust of wind.

Contrary to the usual belief, damp and rainy days have been discovered the most healthful, so far as germ-laden air is concerned. Whenever it rains or when the snow falls, the air is quite effectively cleaned of disease germs. Consequently, for your health's sake it is better to sleep when it does open in what is generally called "bad weather."

The force of gravity also has its hand to clear the atmosphere of dust and germs. Since they have weight, bacteria and dust of all kinds are constantly coming down from the higher levels of the atmosphere and settling on the ground, or as near to it as possible.

An examination of the dust in a cubic foot of New York air showed that the milk disclosed about 200,000 dust particles, including 1,000 more air bear dangerous germs. A similar test made of dust particles were not down one half, and at a height of 700 or more feet from the street only 20,000 dust particles were found in each cubic foot of air. Moreover, tiny little children, least able to withstand the effect of dust germs, are exposed to them most. While they are working, usually in a closed room, and attentives, several stories high, here son or daughter, playing in the public parks or along the highways, not in full benefit of whatever epidemic or other disease germs are flying about in the air close to the ground.

Unfortunately, also, most of us spend the greater part of the day in the particular layer of atmosphere that contains the most dirt and germs. We stop right off the street into a restaurant and eat our food, upon which we may be sure that some hundreds of germs are dropping over every square inch of surface, from the time we sit down to our meal to the time we get up after it is finished.

Our soft drink, also are there frequently right at the sidewalk. Our clothing, for the most part, is purchased in stores and carried home with a certain number of germs on it.

And so it is that the vast majority of actions of our life, whether we work or nourish ourselves, are conducted in the very worst stress of atmosphere in which we could possibly live.

Hundreds of thousands of tons of stone and coal ashes, sulphuric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbon bisulphide, ammonia, chlorides and fecal matter find their way into New York air. So that if these gases were not carried away by the winds the atmosphere would become so poisonous as to kill all the inhabitants.

Besides these dangerous gases, a chemical analysis of the dust in New York City shows that it is composed of parasitic bacteria, which vary from 5,000,000 to 50,000,000 for every ounce of dust. No place is immune. A Broadway theatre yielded 7,992,000 bacteria in an ounce of dust. A Fifth avenue church 9,172,000 bacteria and an ounce of subway dirt gave off the astonishingly large amount of 59,200,000 bacteria in an ounce of dust.

Every breath we take quantities of this dust is drawn into our lungs and some of it is exhaled again. The rest is deposited along the respiratory tract and a portion finds its way into our lungs. Among the diseases that are thus drawn into the human system are consumption, typhoid fever, cholera, spinal meningitis, erysipelas, diphteria and pneumonia.

The very numbers of bacteria themselves which we breathe is considered by sanitarians of little significance, as dangerous disease germs are rare except in the vicinity of living people. Yet very large numbers are always present in the air among unhealthy persons, and the germs of pneumonia and consumption are capable of long life, even in a dried-up state, and are easily airborne, which accounts for the fact that so many people living in large cities die of these diseases.

Dr. T. M. Prudden has aptly said, "We are led to the other startling conclusion that the ordinary living room, even though it be well ventilated, is actually a dust and bacteria respository, and that when by a system of ventilation such as opening wide the windows we cause large volumes of the outer air from out of doors to pass through them, we are actually, so far as micro-organisms are concerned, cleansing the air and sending it out much freer from germs than when it entered."

Dr. George A. Soper found that bacteria in dust are almost as plentiful in places occasionally cleaned as in places constantly trampled. An ounce of dust, he examined, which came from a Fifth avenue church, showed a count of 9,172,000 bacteria, that from a new and fashionable hotel, 10,600,000, and that from a large office building, 5,100,000.

It is quite natural to wonder where all these germs came from. How do they live and grow? The moist surfaces of decaying animal and vegetable matter, human sputum, stagnant water, the bodies of every living creature, the surface of the habitable soil, are favorable to their growth. When in a moist condition, however, bacteria are not readily detached from the place where they flourish, but when dried and ground up by the various activities of men and animals, they become part of the floating dust.

Since they are too small to be studied by aid of a microscope alone, they are found and studied by the culture method. That is, the soil in which bacteria is suspected, is mixed with a food such as gelatine which holds them firmly, and upon which they thrive. Under such conditions, it does not take long for the bacteria to develop large colonies huddled together which may easily be stained and counted.

By using this method, Dr. T. M. Prudden got a good idea of the germs in different places in New York. Using a gelatine plate 4½ inches in diameter, he selected days when the wind was not too strong and placed it about in different places. In Central Park where the dust blew in from the adjacent streets he obtained 199 germs in five minutes' time.

In his investigation Professor Henderson drove about the streets of New York in a car equipped with tubes, bags and bottles connected with a pump, leading to the funnel of a horn, which through which air was drawn. The gas samples taken represented a good average of the conditions to which pedestrians and of motor cars and pedestrians are usually.

"While results are variable," his reports say, "according to atmospheric conditions and the amount of traffic, the figures obtained show that one part of carbon monoxide and 10,000 parts of air is quite a frequent condition in certain streets, especially Fifth avenue, between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, at certain hours, and that quantity of carbon monoxide are not unusual. Even more than this occurs in busy hours and for short periods.

"Combination of the air in the more congested streets for periods of several hours reaches the upper limit, and for shorter periods even exceeds the upper limit of a well founded health standard.

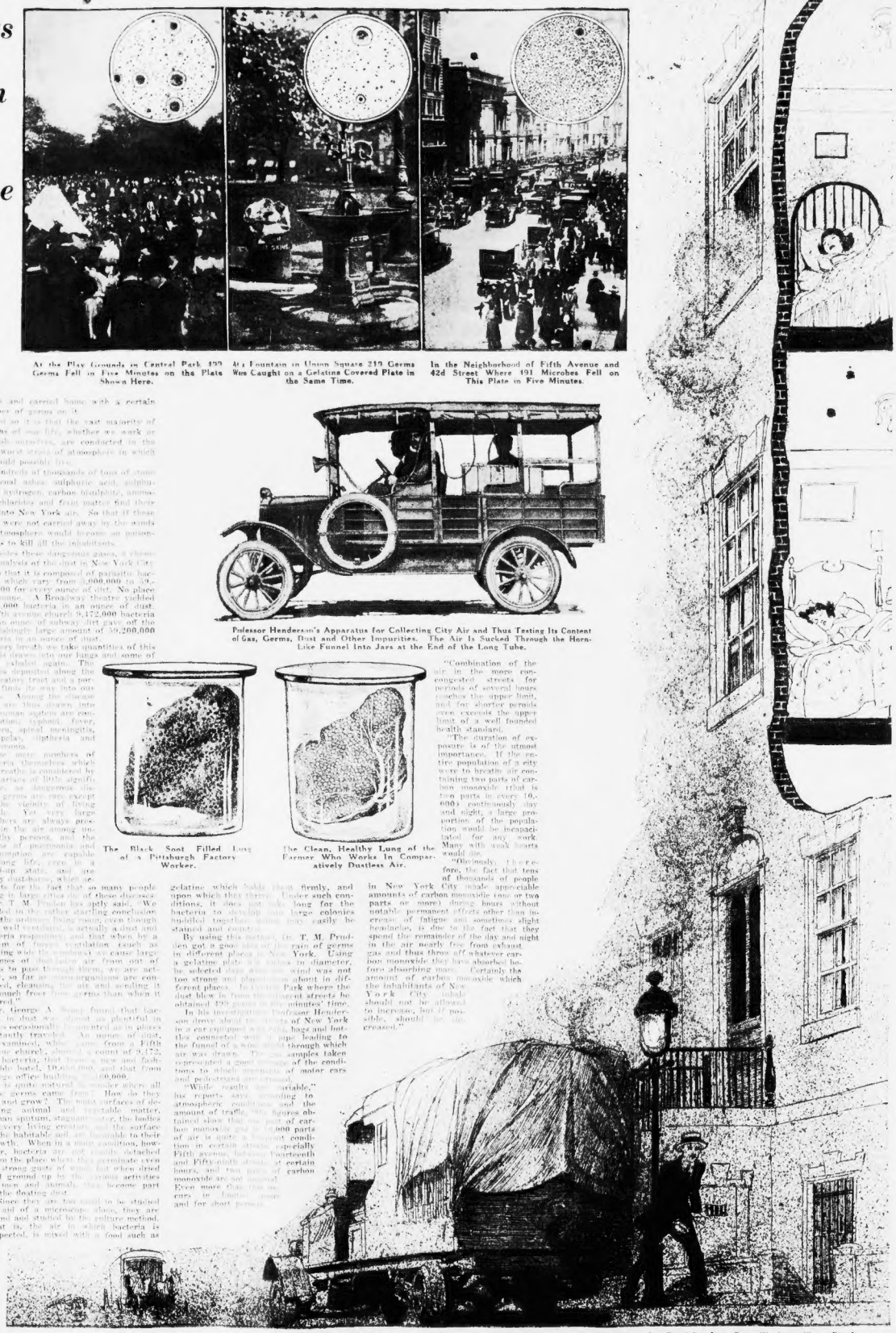
"The duration of exposure is of the utmost importance. If the entire population of a city were to breathe air containing two parts of carbon monoxide (that is two parts in every 10,000) continuously day and night, a large proportion of the population would be incapacitated for any work. Many with weak hearts would die.

"Obviously, therefore, the fact that tens of thousands of people in New York City inhale appreciable amounts of carbon monoxide (one or two parts or more) during hours without notable permanent effects other than increase of fatigue and sometimes slight headache, is due to the fact that they spend the remainder of the day and night in the air nearly free from exhaust gas and thus throw off whatever carbon monoxide they have absorbed before absorbing more. Certainly the amount of carbon monoxide which the inhabitants of New York City inhale should not be allowed to increase, but if possible, should be decreased."

Professor Henderson's Apparatus for Collecting City Air and Thus Testing Its Content of Gas, Germs, Dust and Other Impurities. The Air Is Sucked Through the Horn-Like Funnel Into Jars at the End of the Long Tube.

The Black Soot Filled Lung of a Pittsburgh Factory Worker.

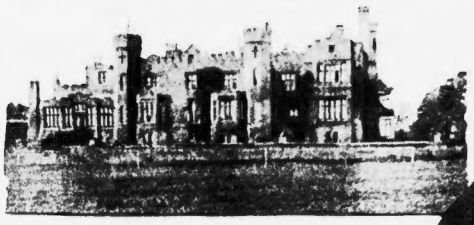
The Clean, Healthy Lung of the Farmer Who Works In Comparatively Dustless Air.



There Is Always a Blanket of Germ-Filled Dust On City Streets, and Vehicles Passing Along Stir This Up and Send It With Its Disease Laden Particles Into Open Windows Where People Are Sleeping. The Dust Passes By the Closed Windows, As Shown in This Pictorial Diagram, and Passes On Into the Open Ones.

How the Peasant Girl Curse Made the Follies Girl a Countess

Did the Sad-Faced "Ghost" That Haunts Old Ethie Castle Warn the Dowager Countess of Northesk Not to Oppose Her Son's Marriage to an Actress?



Ethie Castle, the Ancient Seat of the Earls of Northesk in Forfarshire, Is Reputed to Be Haunted by the Ghost of the Ill-Fated Humble Sweetheart of a Former Earl.

Photo Elmer Chickering Johnston

Photo by Harris

Two Attractive Views of Charming Miss Jessie Brown, the American Dancer and "Cabaret Artiste," Who by a Surprising Romance Has Become the Countess of Northesk and Chatelaine of One of Scotland's Proudest Castles.

Photo Invicta.

Snapshot of the Boy Earl of Northesk, Taken Just After His Landing in America to Marry Jessica Brown.

"Did the present Dowager Countess of Northesk seem to see, weeping and wringing her hands against the door of the great bedroom of her castle, the ghost of poor, persecuted Jean Gordon, who died of a broken heart more than two centuries ago? And did this soften her heart toward the other poor girl whom her son has just wed?"

LONDON, Aug. 12.

THERE is an unpublished romance connected with the surprising marriage of the young Earl of Northesk and Jessica Brown, the pretty American dancer. The chief figure in this romance is the sad-faced ghost of a girl that sometimes haunts the ancient Northesk family.

When it was first announced in England that the bold Earl was going to marry the notable dancer, British society was naturally horrified and could scarcely believe its ears. The Earl belongs to one of the oldest and proudest families in the British Empire. The family is, strictly speaking, Scotch, but the Earl is related by marriage to the greatest houses in England.

The family name is Carnegie, and the bearers of the name have played prominent parts in the most stirring dramas of Scottish and English history. One of them was noted as the bravest knight of King Robert Bruce. Another was a valiant defender of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, and lost his life trying to save her from the executioner's axe.

Still another Carnegie saved the life of the Stuart King Charles II. when he was a hunted fugitive, flying from the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell.

Centuries ago the head of the family was David Carnegie, Laird of Kynaldie, who was raised to the peerage as Earl of Southesk. His younger brother, John Carnegie, was made Earl of Northesk, and was the direct ancestor of Jessica Brown's husband.

In all generations down to the present day the Earls of Southesk and Northesk have occupied the prominent position in English public life and society. A recent ancestor of Jessica Brown's husband was the seventh Earl of Northesk, who was third in command at the battle of Trafalgar and greatly distinguished himself in that glorious victory. The Northesks bear the word "Trafalgar" on their coat of arms in commemoration of their ancestor's deeds.

The oldest son of the Earl of Southesk is called Lord Carnegie. The present Lord Carnegie, a dashing young officer of the Scots Guards, has just become engaged to Princess Maud of Fife, granddaughter of King Edward, cousin of King George and a favorite member of the royal family.

The Earl of Southesk and the Earl of Northesk are, of course, distant cousins, and the two families have always maintained a close intimacy on account of their common origin. Jessica Brown will therefore have a cousin who will be a member of the royal family by marriage. This is recognized as a matter of the greatest importance by British society. Under ordinary circumstances this relationship would give the Earl of Northesk's wife a very advantageous position at Court, but there is each doubt whether Queen Mary, with her conservative ideas about dress, dancing and divorce, will welcome Jessica Brown to Buckingham Palace.

Lord Carnegie, a dashing young officer of the Scots Guards, has just become engaged to Princess Maud of Fife, granddaughter of King Edward, cousin of King George and a favorite member of the royal family.

Lord Carnegie, commander of the Scots Guards, the King's favorite regiment, is the brother of the late Earl and a leading member of the family. He expressed the feelings of the whole clan about the reported engagement to a newspaper correspondent. Colonel Carnegie said:

"The reported engagement is undoubtedly a mistake. In fact, it is preposterous. The Earl is a mere boy and has not reached an age when he should take such a serious step.

"We are aware that he has a great admiration for the talents and personal qualities of Miss Brown, but we are sure it is a temporary matter. She is undoubtedly a charming young woman, but not at all suited to be Countess of Northesk.

"You can state positively that the Earl's mother, the Dowager Countess of Northesk, would entirely disapprove of such an engagement."

The statement that the Dowager Countess of Northesk was opposed to the engagement was a matter of the greatest importance. The young Earl does not derive a large income from his extensive landed estates, and he is dependent for his present income and future prospects on his mother, who is very wealthy in her own right.

In spite of Colonel Carnegie's statement the young Earl persisted in his engagement. It was understood that various members of the family went to both the young man and woman and endeavored to dissuade them from their intended marriage, which, it was said, would be likely to turn out unhappily for both of them. But nothing could shake the constancy of the Earl.

As an evidence of his serious intention he gave up his commission as a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, the premier infantry regiment of the British army. It is a rule that no officer in any of the guards regiments may marry an actress. These regiments have special duties to the royal family and the government, and their officers are supposed to behave with peculiar dignity. The Earl's commanding officer warned him that if his reported intention to marry Miss Brown was correct he would have to resign. To this the Earl promptly replied that his reported intention was correct and resigned his commission.

While all this excitement was going on it was noticeable that there was no direct statement from the Dowager Countess of Northesk that she forbade the wedding or expressed a strong disapproval of it. English society talked a great deal about the distress of the distinguished Countess over the proposed mesalliance of her son, but it was remarkable that she had nothing to say about it herself.

The reason for the Countess's reluctance to forbid the marriage arose from an ancient tragedy that has caused dreadful terror and sleepless nights in the Northesk family for generations.

A Countess of Northesk once forbade her son to marry a lovely maid of peasant birth, and ever since then the pitiful ghost of the heart-broken maid is said to have haunted the rulers of the castle. Back in the days of Queen Anne young Lord Esslill, the son and heir of the fourth Earl of Northesk, fell in love with Jean Gordon, the lovely blue-eyed daughter of a peasant on the family estate. The principal seat of the Northesks is Ethie Castle, at Arbroath, Forfarshire, Scotland, and it was here that the romance occurred. Ethie Castle is one of the most picturesque and romantic old mansions in Scotland and has been the scene of a thousand murders and sanguinary raids.

Jean Gordon was as sweet and lovely as any heroine of old romance, and the young lord felt sure that her natural goodness made up for her lack of birth and fitted her to be mistress of the broad lands of Northesk. He resolved to ask his mother's approval of the marriage, but he had made a mistake. The Countess was a woman of terrible temper and great character. She did not approve of the marriage, and took every means in her power to prevent any possibility of a run-away marriage.

It was said that unless the affair ended as she would permit the entire Gordon family, it was, of course, a horrible thing for a peasant to incur the enmity of the landed gentry.

Jean believed that his daughter was going to disgrace and ruin his family, so he treated the poor girl with great severity. She was kept a prisoner in the castle, and [illegible] heartbreaking and [illegible] death.

The [illegible] sublimate [illegible] her, and it is said that she [illegible] to [illegible] Broken hearted and [illegible] Jean Gordon rapidly faded away [illegible] Before she died she said to [illegible] of the earth, that Jean Gordon should be the mother of the Countess of Northesk, who was appointed to guard her.

[illegible] Northesk that my spirit will haunt her until she repents of her cruelty to [illegible]

Immediately after the girl died, according to the legends of the family, the old Countess was distressed by an apparition, night and [illegible] woman [illegible] great [illegible] being [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] since Jean [illegible] staring at her with great reproachful eyes, [illegible] and wring her hands.

[illegible] Some [illegible] groaning [illegible] In the morning she told the [illegible] of her [illegible] and how [illegible] passed a sleepless night and of having said and [illegible] but she would not repent of her cruelty to Jean Gordon. [illegible] and she died [illegible] of bitterness and [illegible] of heart.

Lord Esslill inherited the Earldom of Northesk on his father's death and returned to his castle and [illegible] mother had passed away. He was faithful to the memory of Jean Gordon and never married, and at his death his younger brother became Earl of Northesk.

Since then, it is said, the ghost of Jean Gordon has often appeared to the member of the family who was occupying the state bedroom. This happens especially when some tragedy or misfortune is pending in the family. Thus it is said that the present Dowager Countess, on repeated visits from the family ghost, saw her son, an accepted heir, decided to marry lovely, plebeian Jessica Brown.

The ghost conveys this warning to the proud Countess by some peculiar path.

"Remember that Countess was forbade her son to marry the peasant's daughter and brought misery on herself and her family. Do not now oppose your son's marriage with Jessica Brown because she is a daughter of the people or you will suffer mournfully as she did. I give you this solemn warning."

Thus it happened that while most of the friends of young Lord Northesk were opposed to the marriage with the American dancer, the Dowager Countess, whose action was of supreme importance, would not take sides against her, but was very [illegible] towards her.

But Miss Jessica Brown had family pride of her own. She insisted that if young Lord Northesk wanted to marry her he must consent to take her as she is. She returned from the Spring and a month later the young Earl came over after her. Those who [illegible] that the Earl's relations were opposed to the marriage were pleased when they [illegible] in the newspapers.

My mother like Jessica and will be [illegible] as a daughter-in-law. I am of age and can marry anybody I please, and none of my uncles or other relatives can interfere with me."

The marriage of this American girl becomes clear when we hear that the family ghost has been influencing the Dowager Countess. Jessica Brown had [illegible] her intentions by applying for a license to marry [illegible] a few days after her arrival in New York. But City Clerk Michael J. O'Connor and [illegible] the license because Jessica had been divorced and her former husband, who had served personally with Jessica's father in the [illegible], married by New York law. She was previously married to Lord De Vere Reginald, a New York social engineer.

The Earl and the girl then went to Chicago, where the law is not so rigid on the matter of divorce proceedings, and were happily married. The Earl gave his age as twenty-one and the bride hers as twenty-three.

Jessica Brown was originally one of the high-footed [illegible] known as the "Follies Girls" in New York. Then she went to London, where she became a favorite artist in the very refined cabaret performance at the Grafton Galleries in Rupert street. This place was originally a picture gallery, as its name indicates. It was here that the Earl first met her and discovered that he could not live without her.

Now there will be a new, young, happy and beautiful Countess in the ancient halls of Ethie Castle, and it is believed that the spirit of poor, tormented Jean Gordon will rest in peace for a time.

Over One Million, Nine Hundred Thousand FISK TIRES on NEW cars this year

THE greatest motoring news this year is the surprising mileages being rolled up month by month by Fisk Tires. "BUILT TO SUSTAIN A REPUTATION," they have gone further this season, putting that reputation up to a point never before reached, never equalled for low-cost mileage and freedom from trouble by any other tire.

Last year several hundred thousand popular cars came from their factories with Fisk Tires on them.

Listen to this voluntary expression from a salesman for one of the big Packing Houses who has to travel over poor roads day after day regardless of conditions.

> "October 28, 1922, I purchased a Touring Car equipped with Fisk Cord Tires.
>
> "I run my car over all south Florida territory, thru heavy dry sand, muck lands, clay rock roads, etc., changed the tires from front to rear, reversed tires after first 10,000 miles, and to date, 5-24-23, I am using the original set of tires, and my speedometer reads 16,531.
>
> "In all my travels I have never had such mileage and I take this means of showing my appreciation of 'quality' in Fisk Cord Tires."

This is just a specimen of the sort of testimony the mails bring continuously. As in this case, the tires are frequently still in use and the mileage often runs into astonishing figures.

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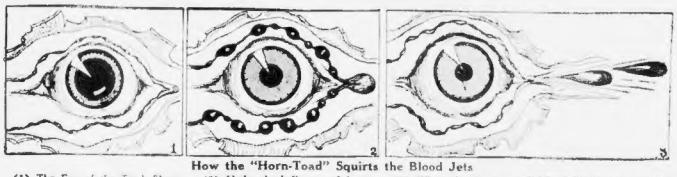
Curious New Discoveries About The "Horn-Toad"

Science Finds That the Repulsive Little Animal Squirts Jets of Blood from Its Eyes Which So Disgusts Its Enemies That It Is Seldom Attacked

Photo © by Brown, Bgo

Photograph of the Head of a "Horn-Toad," Enlarged to About Four Times Its Natural Size, Showing the Blood Jets Squirting from the Broken Capillaries In Its Eyelids.



How the "Horn-Toad" Squirts the Blood Jets

(1) The Eye of the Toad, Showing the Minute and Extremely Delicate Capillaries in Their Normal Condition.

(2) Under the Influence of Anger or Fear These Little Capillaries Begin to Be Gorged With Blood and Swell Up. The Pupil of the Eye Contracts.

(3) When the Pressure of Blood Within the Capillaries Exceeds the Resistance of These Walls, the Little Tubes Burst and Shoot the Blood Out from the Eye, Just as a Sausage Skin Full of Water Shoots Its Contents When Squeezed Too Hard.

Photograph of Two "Horn-Toads" Watching the Progress of An Unfortunate Insect. If the Big Fellow Leaning Over Doesn't Get Him, the One Whose Head Is Sticking Out of the Sand Certainly Will.

Photo © by Brown, Bgo

The Fearsome Dragon Like Aspect of a "Horn-Toad"—Nature's Oddest "Bluff," Since Its Spines, Armor, Hissing, Rattling Tail and All That Seems To Make It So Formidable Are Actually Without Any Power to Harm.

SCIENCE has just been finding out some very curious things about that very curious looking little creature, the "horn-toad"—or horned toad, as it is also called. The horn toad lives in about the same shape now as it did millions of years ago, and thrives in the desert regions of the southwestern United States and Mexico. Representatives of its family are also found in arid and semi-arid regions in various parts of the world.

It has a fearsome head with projecting spines, a body studded over with points, and an alligator-like tail. It grows from three to five inches long, and it looks like a fierce little dragon.

As a matter of fact, despite its ferocious appearance, the horn toad is probably the most complete little bluffer that exists on our planet.

While its horns look formidable, as a matter of fact they are incapable of doing any damage, unless the little creature is swallowed intact, and they pierce some delicate membrane of its swallower—which, after all, doesn't bring the toad back to life. And while its coat looks almost like armor plate, it is really soft and sensitive, and the horn toad suffers greatly from the stings of ants and other insects. It can blow itself up almost to twice its size, but that doesn't hurt anybody either. It can make curious little puffing noises, which, however, can inflict no damage. It can also hiss violently, and when it shakes its tail it makes a rattling noise which sounds somewhat like an enraged rattlesnake. The noises are harmless.

But it can do one thing which no other living creature can do, and does when angered or alarmed. It can shoot jets of blood from its eyes!

It is this peculiar ability of the horn toad that has long aroused the greatest interest of science. How on earth could this little creature shoot out blood from its eyes without harm to itself—and sometimes to the quantity of a quarter of a teaspoonful, and to a distance of fifteen inches away? What was the mechanism whereby the blood was ejected with all the force of a blow gun?

Science knew that the blood itself was like everything else about the horn toad—a bluff. There was no venom in it, and it could not do the slightest harm.

But it was an excellent protection for the toad. No animal, not even a human animal, enjoys having blood squirted in its face. It is disgusting, and so repelled and disgusted were the attackers that they promptly fled.

There may have been an element of fear too in the hurried retreat. The miniature hissing dragon, with its spines bristling, its armor coat shining and bloated up, its tail rapidly wriggling and rattling like a snake, and the jets of blood shooting from its bulging eyes, all formed decidedly a far from pleasant sight. No matter that spines, hissing, rattling, bloating and blood shooting, could none of them do the slightest bit of harm to anything.

The horn toad in this aspect might be 100 per cent bluff—but it put it over.

Experiments have at last revealed just how the horn toad shoots out the blood. All around the rims of its eyes are capillaries—that is little tubes—through which the blood flows. These capillaries are capable of an astonishing distension. Their walls are in fact as flexible as those of a toy rubber balloon.

Now when the horn toad becomes angry or alarmed, its heart begins to beat rapidly, and its blood pressure increases to an extraordinary extent. Under this increased pressure, the little capillaries all around the eye-lids begin to grow full and more full of blood. Their walls finally distend until they have reached the breaking point.

What occurs thereafter is exactly what occurs if you take a thin sausage skin, fill it with water and then keep constricting one end of the skin until the pressure of the liquid within bursts the walls. The liquid shoots out with considerable force to a considerable distance.

And this is exactly what happens to the eyes of the horn toad. The gorged little capillaries burst and the blood within them is shot out along the rim of the horny eyes into the little channel in the corner, and out of that into the face of whatever it is that has alarmed or angered the toad. Or if not to the face, to whatever part of the body is within range.

This sticky, disgusting blob of blood, smelling faintly of musk, is a most unpleasant missile. And so it is that the natural enemies of the horn toad seldom attack it, but leave it to increase and multiply in peace.

Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, Curator of the Department of Herpetology, American Museum of Natural History in New York, says that the horn toad squirts blood when he is angered, because he literally "sees red."

"When the toad is irritated his blood becomes congested," says Dr. Noble, "which is what happens to human beings. His eyes bulge, and if he had that kind of cheeks they would flush as ours do. The increased blood pressure swells the little vessels in his eyes, as with humans, but instead of making the horned toad's eyes bloodshot, the tiny capillaries around the rims burst or tear.

"The result is a jet of blood shooting from the rim of his eye—blood and a little lymph from the capillaries. The capillaries, of course, are very delicate, but they also heal quickly, and although the horned toad actually wounds himself by his irritation he quickly recovers.

"This jet of blood, involuntary though it may be, is very effective against even his human pursuers, who may be startled into letting the horned toad drop, and against other animals it is still more efficient. Anything strange or abnormal is frightening to animals—as it often is to humans. A cat, or a dog, or a snake, trying to seize a horned toad and getting a shot of blood in the face from it, is so alarmed and disgusted that in most cases he will slink shamefully away.

About twenty years ago Mr. Vernon Bailey of the United States Department of Agriculture, picked up a horned toad and got a stream of blood fifteen inches away.

Within a minute another stream came from the other eye, and in the space of a few minutes five streams of bright red blood had spattered the naturalist. In a few hours the creature shot three more jets of blood.

Dr. Van Denburgh, the famous author of "Reptiles of Western North America," was stroking the back of a horned toad when it squirted blood into his eye, causing him pain. Dr. Van Denburgh thought it not that there was anything especially painful in the blood, and ascribed the unpleasant effect to the force of the stream.

He then cautiously thrust his nose too close to a horned toad and got a spray of blood in his face. Shivering with disgust, he backed away and could not be induced to go near the toad again.

That there is no directly poisonous substance in its blood was proven when guinea pigs were inoculated, and suffered no ill effects. The horns, sometimes, are harmful to its enemies even after the toad is dead. Dr. Van Denburgh dissected a dead hawk which showed no bullet or other wounds, but which was found with blood on its crop, and inside it were two horned toads. The horn of one had pierced the hawk's trachea and it had died a lingering death.

During the Winter they hibernate. One which was dug up while hibernating was found with muscles and eyes rigidly set. It was breathing erratically, at intervals of several minutes. It awakened only when placed in the sunlight. A female, dissected, was found to contain some thirty young, but in most cases the number is fifteen.

The horned toad, like true toads, has always been the object of superstition. In Mexico it is called sacred, because it is thought to wash tears of blood off its weeping, like the Virgin. The qualities of the true toad, is more superstition, of course. The little horned toad just gets pop-eyed with rage, and the blood squirts.

While the horned toad is the only known creature that ejects its own life blood as a means of defense, there are many others that eject liquids in a trickle, like the grasshopper, or through fangs, like snakes—but none so powerful, in comparison to size, as the jet of a fire hose.

Many beetles secrete a repellent oily fluid as a means of defense. Oil beetles and ladybirds eject drops of fluid from the knee-joints. Grasshoppers "spit." But more curious than either of these is the really unique in the animal world, is a graceful, sober-hued beetle called the bombardier, which secretes a peculiar volatile fluid which it can retain or eject at will.

A larger insect pursues the bombardier. It is just about to seize its prey.

Puff! There is a thin, swift jet of liquid, a sharp report, and a blue-gray cloud drifts along in the air like the smoke ring of a cannon. The bombardier has fired. His enemy, nine times out of ten, abandons the pursuit.

What has happened? The bombardier has expelled a jet of the volatile liquid, which actually explodes when it comes in contact with the air, and the pursuer is frightened. Indeed, the effect of the shot upon other insects, or even animals, is nothing short of ludicrous. They are in deathly fear of the bluish blob of vapor—they back away from it as though it were sure death, as indeed, it may be, for all science knows.

The little bombardiers are from a quarter to a fourth of an inch long, and are over weak and defenseless, aside from their artillery. They are found in great numbers in some places along the banks of Kaghan tidal rivers, and children frequently spend an afternoon overturning rocks and logs and eating a dozen beetles for a momentary glimpse of their hiding place is discovered.

The beetle's liquid ammunition is secreted in a tiny sac at the tip of the abdomen. Curiously, it has never been determined just what the fluid is composed of, because, whenever a dead bombardier has been dissected, the liquid volatilized and exploded at the moment of contact with the air.

Evidently, however, it contains some element that is virulent in its effects. Not only does it frighten and perhaps injure other insects, but it will severely burn and blister the human skin, as many have discovered who grasped the bombardier in their fingers.

The archer-fish, of India, living near the shores of the sea or in the rivers, shoot drops of water at insects resting on overhanging foliage, knock the insects into the water and suck them in!

Like most fishes of the scaly-finned group, the archer is equipped with a large, tube-shaped mouth. When he sights his prey, the archer moves up to the surface of the water, takes careful aim, closes and compresses the tube-shaped mouth, and squirts out a single drop of water.

So unerring is its aim that the insect is almost invariably dropped and seized.

While the bombardier beetle shoots a explosive acid and the archer fish drops of water, there is no creature beside the horned toad that uses its own blood missile.

My Thirteen Years Tireless

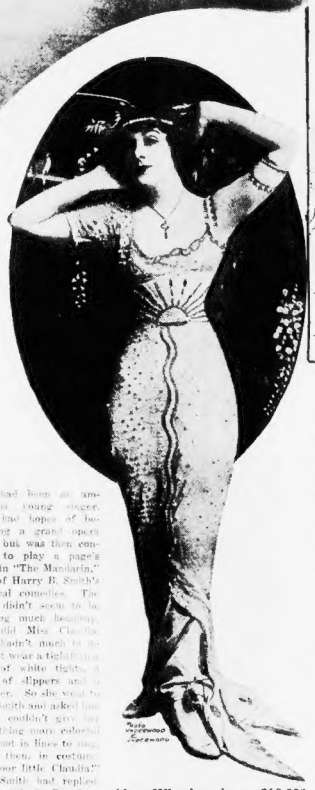
Claudia Wheeler, the Abandoned Tells for the First Time How She or Less All Over the World, Until at Last She Cornered Him and Forced the Settlement Her Sufferings and Her Persistence So Richly Deserved

The Charming Profile of Mrs. Claudia Gallatin Wheeler, Shown in One of the Intent Poses With Which She Used to Watch for Her Elusive Husband.

1.—The First Time Mrs. Wheeler Saw Her Husband After He Ran Away She Pursued Him Into the Bushes of Central Park, but Owing to the Darkness of the Place and the Lightness of Her Apparel She Had to Abandon the Chase.

2.—After Weeks of Pursuit She Was Right Behind Him While He Leaped for an Automobile. But, Alas! the Door Was Closed Upon Her Face and Again She Lost Him.

3.—Gaining Admittance to the Exclusive Union League Club by Subterfuge She Cornered the Runaway Husband. But Just as She Had Her Hand Almost on His Elusive Coat Tails He Ducked Under the Arms of a Flunkey and Again Made His Escape.



Mrs. Wheeler, in a $10,000 Dress That Her Husband Claimed Was Extravagant, but Which Mrs. Wheeler Thought Was Only Reasonable for the Wife of a Multi-Millionaire's Son to Wear.

WHEN Mrs. Claudia Gallatin Wheeler, well known among Broadway people, was a few years ago as the Girl in the Red Tights," collected [illegible] millions from her exclusive [illegible] and forced him to [illegible] liberal life income, she [illegible] for the longest husband [illegible] known.

[illegible] Mrs. Claudia Gallatin [illegible] the elusive coat [illegible] Gallatin Wheeler, 2nd, her husband and son of the multi-millionaire builder of the Chicago subways.

In and out of exclusive clubs, [illegible] restaurants, banks and offices [illegible] she had sought him [illegible] to point of those United States [illegible] vessels oceans to find him—but he's not there and there are everywhere without being able to lay a hand on her [illegible] spouse.

[illegible] even looked for him in other [illegible] whom.

[illegible] rights have in themselves [illegible] particular attraction, and so it [illegible] that Mrs. Wheeler's career [illegible] which filled them out must have [illegible] perfect pair to have won their envy [illegible] own footsteps. And they could not [illegible] deteriorated after she left the stage [illegible] become Mrs. Wheeler—she has could [illegible] never kept up that pace for so long?

[illegible] into clothes and [illegible] a very [illegible] pair of legs. For better than [illegible] Wheeler's were though he did keep [illegible] stockings [illegible] for so long. Because [illegible] Wheeler is still [illegible] and blooming [illegible] husband—well, clearly he has not [illegible] well. Mrs. Wheeler herself [illegible] describes the change when [illegible] him hands and eyes on him then [illegible] was a different man than the one [illegible] parading. Then he was young [illegible] handsome, and in his eyes the one [illegible] man in the world. Now he was [illegible] old and ugly. His face had [illegible] little and wrinkled and pouting [illegible] a sore furrow. Looking into [illegible] eyes when I held on to him at last, [illegible] let him go. I realized that I [illegible] pursued a will-o'-the-wisp that had [illegible] black in my palm. I had found [illegible] I wanted—but I no longer wanted [illegible]

[illegible] are horrible! I told him. But [illegible] did not hear me."

[illegible] quite likely he did not. Long [illegible] a thousand people were flocking [illegible] at the time and a tinsel bench of [illegible] were plowing their way through [illegible]

[illegible] though Mrs. Wheeler caught not [illegible] of him after she had gotten [illegible] definitely did want that silence [illegible] which were the reasons [illegible] year-long chase [illegible] got them.

[illegible] week in 1910 that Mrs. Wheeler [illegible] began. Two years before that she had been an ambitious young singer. She had hopes of becoming a grand opera star, but was then content to play a page's part in "The Mandarin," one of Harry B. Smith's musical comedies. The play didn't seem to be making much headway, and one day Mrs. Claudia, who hadn't much to do except wear a tight-fitting suit of white tights, a pair of slippers and a feather. So she went to Mr. Smith and asked him [illegible] "I couldn't give my something more colorful [illegible] out in lines to sing, [illegible] then, in costume [illegible]

"Poor little Claudia!" Mr. Smith had replied. "It's too bad. But there's worse news than that. The play is a failure. It is going to run two weeks more and then it's going to the graveyard."

But Mrs. Claudia wanted to make a hit even for those two weeks. So, the girl saw the situation and went to a dyer and said:

"Madam, will you please dye these white tights red. And my slippers the same shade and the plume on my hat."

The dyer demurred. She said she was afraid that the tights would shrink and maybe tear while she was wearing them, and that would be very distressing, if not to the audience, to Mrs Claudia. But the latter decided to risk it and the tights and slippers and feather were all dyed a bright crimson.

The next night Claudia slipped them on and they did not tear or crack. She kept out of everybody's way until it was time for her to appear, and everybody was so worried about the play that they did not notice that the charming page had changed her colors were night. If they had she would probably have been fined or fired.

No such [illegible] Mandarin." [illegible] principals boxes [illegible] that it was not the [illegible] that applause.

"The girl in the red tights!" [illegible] in the red tights!"

And then [illegible] aware of Miss Claudia's transformation.

Well, the next [illegible] carried headlines [illegible] Saves the Show." [illegible] Mandarin" closing [illegible] five or six months [illegible]

Young Mr. Wheeler [illegible] day. But he [illegible] when the [illegible] Indeed, he [illegible] in many [illegible] Miss Claudia. At [illegible] oscillated, he began to [illegible] courtship. His father heard about it and came down from Boston to see for himself just what it was that had so swept his son off his feet. He came, he saw, and he was conquered.

And so the girl in the red tights and the son of the multi-millionaire were married, with the full approval of his family. They were given a check for some thousands of dollars for their honeymoon. For many months they lived together in apparent harmony and happiness.

Then came then the snake into this little Eden. One day, while Papa Wheeler, Bertie and Claudia were all dining together, Papa Wheeler turned to Bertie and said: "I saw you driving down Fifth avenue this Mrs. So and So. You should not do that."

"I had a cold chill," says Mrs. Wheeler. "I remembered that woman. She's much older than my husband. We had met her at a Chicago hotel. She had told me that she admired my father-in-law very much and had asked me whether he was much married, or would venture a discreet flirtation. I told her he was very much devoted to my mother-in-law, and would not consider such a thing. Then I remembered I had told her that he was buying Bertie a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, and was giving him a million dollars to go into business.

"And now, apparently, she had transferred her interest that she had felt in Papa Wheeler to his son."

Things went after this from bad to worse. Young Mr. Wheeler kept staying out later and later and getting home less and less frequently. One morning the furious "girl in the red tights" demanded a showdown. She said she was miserable and there could be no be a change.

Her Bertie, she says, immediately informed her that the most complete change that he could think of for her was a permanent visit to Hades. After forcefully inviting, say, urging her, she says, to go there, he walked out on her.

Out of her life?

Mrs. Claudia Gallatin Wheeler's thirteen-year-long chase had begun. She did not know it then, though.

The next morning, finding her love still strong, she wrote him at the Union League Club, asking him to come back to her. He did not answer that letter, nor the many others that she sent him during the next three months.

She tried to find him in all their old haunts. But she could not. And then one day a lawyer called on her to try to persuade her to accept a settlement of $40 a week. She spurned the offer, saying that she wanted only her husband.

And one night in May, more than three months after he had left her, she saw him. But it was, indeed, in the strangest manner that he appeared to her. She had been sleeping. Awakening, she heard a furtive movement in her apartments adjoining Central Park. She traced it to the drawing room and here she came across that same lawyer who had offered her the $40 a week, with a squad of six men carrying out the furniture.

"The lawyer," she says, "admitted that he had picked the lock of the door and had brought the men in to take the furniture. He said: 'Mr. Wheeler is on guard below.'

"I rushed to the window. I saw a man walking away in the darkness. It was the first shadowy glimpse I had had of my husband since he had in Red Tights to take that super-heated change. And certainly since that time he had endeavored to create a trades for me.

"I threw on a wrap, rushed down the stairs and after him. I dashed into the park—but he escaped from me among the bushes. I knew that further search was useless, so I ran back to my apartments and had his creature thrown out by employes of the apartment house.

"I thought it would be the part of wisdom to wait for my husband to come to his senses. I waited, and while I waited I slept. For three months I cried every waking moment. A friend who used to see me often during those three months said she never saw me when the front of my dress was not moist with tears. A physician said he had known women to weep themselves blind in a shorter time."

Mrs. Wheeler's runaway husband belonged to fifteen clubs. Of course it is pretty hard to keep your eyes on fifteen clubs. It can't be done all at once. Patiently she visited all of them in turn. Again and again, night and day, she sat in front of one or two or half a dozen of them in a hansom. She was heavily veiled and kept herself out of sight as well as she could. But he must have seen her from the windows, or servants must have telephoned him that she was there, for he never appeared.

She sent letters to him at the Union League, and waited around repeatedly at the hour when he would naturally be there. She never caught sight of him. Always the answer came that "Mr. Wheeler is out."

Thus the first year went by.

But Mrs. Wheeler would not give up. Mr. Wheeler's office was at No. 71 Broadway. It was a very handsome office, at least so the elevator men in the building told the wife. But it seemed a silly thing to her for Mr. Wheeler to pay rent for it, since, apparently, he was never there. Mrs. Wheeler sometimes called at that office as many as twenty times a day. More, she stood outside the door in the corridor, and hid around the corners—but never, never did she get a sight of her husband.

It puzzled her, too, as to how he ran his business. He was a partner of a gentleman at No. 16 Rose Walk, Mr. John F. Russell. Surely, she thought, he would see his partner now and then. But apparently he never did. The office force there told her that Mr. Wheeler never came around, and Mr. Russell, she says, "doubtfully and hesitatingly looked her in the eyes and told her that although it might seem a strange thing, he actually did not know where his partner was.

The second year went by.

Then Mrs. Wheeler struck another clue. It appeared that her elusive mate was connected with the Christmas Club, down on Chamber street.

Hope stirred in her heart. "The Christmas Club!" There was something auspicious in the name. She called and asked for Mr. Wheeler.

And lo and behold, no one there ever saw him or knew anything about him! But [illegible] from some people [illegible] were sorry [illegible] that there was a [illegible] are on another street, [illegible] than this where Mr. Wheeler went in and out.

So Mrs. Wheeler reconnoitered and found the entrance. It was about the time that Mr. Wheeler should be going out—that is if he was in the at all.

There was a fine car here, and a chauffeur who began to act rather nervous. Mrs. Wheeler looked in shop windows, at the same time keeping a corner of an eye on the entrance. The chauffeur became more and more restless. Two or three times he seemed on the verge of getting out and either coming up to her or going somewhere else. And just as his nervousness reached a really suspicious point, who should come sauntering out of the side entrance but her husband himself!

Unfortunately, her husband's eyes had taken her in just a fraction of a second before she had recognized him. Everyone who knows anything about racing knows what an advantage even a split second gives. Mr. Wheeler ceased his saunterings abruptly and made one flying leap for the waiting car. Simultaneously the chauffeur dug a heel down on the self-starter.

Mrs. Wheeler leaped, too. Her fingers just touched the flying coat-tails of young Mr. Wheeler—and the car shot off like a streak.

Mrs. Wheeler was foiled again!

Thereafter, her husband never went back to the Christmas Club. She was notified officially by its officers that he was no longer connected with it. So, while there was no use of her waiting around there any more, at least another one of Mr. Wheeler's lairs had been choked up.

The third year passed.

But Mrs. Wheeler continued to hunt for

(Continued on Next Page)

Pursuit of my Runaway Husband

Bride of the Young Multi-Millionaire, Pursued Her Vanishing Husband More Following His Trail Night and Day,

4.—And Months Afterward Quite Unexpectedly She Saw Him Entering a Fashionable Restaurant Where She Was Dining. Mrs. Wheeler's Jump for Him Was Quick—But His Jump Away from Her Was Quicker and Again He Was Gone!

5.—Mrs. Wheeler Waited for Her Husband at the Entrance of His Office, and His Guard Pounced on Her and He Escaped—BUT——

One of the Luxuriously Furnished Rooms in the Wheeler Love Nest Which Mr. Wheeler Tried to Strip While, His Wife Says, She Was Sleeping.

6.—Mrs. Wheeler's Screams Were So Vigorous That Two Motor-Cycle Policemen Pursued the Vanishing Husband, Captured Him, and With Mrs. Wheeler Leading the Way, Marched Him to a Police Station. Her Thirteen-Year-Long Chase Was Ended!

Mrs. Wheeler as "The Girl in the Red Tights" When She Won Young Mr. Wheeler's Heart Years and Years Ago.

Mr. Albert Gallatin Wheeler, 2nd.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

her husband, warrant for alimony in her pocket. She heard that he was in Boston, and she went there, missed him; followed him to Chicago, missed him again; then back to Boston, where she kept on missing him. Life became a series of railroad rushes over the continent, here and there and everywhere. It did not seem possible that any man so prominent as young Mr. Wheeler, with so many friends, and so well known, could be so invisible to his pursuing wife. But invisible he was and so remained.

Seven years had now passed, and how many miles she had covered, how many taxicabs she had ridden in, how many clubs and so on she had visited, made her heart sink to think of.

"But the seventh year ought to be lucky," she told herself. And it was—almost.

A lawyer came to her and offered her twenty-five dollars a month if she would give up hunting Mr. Wheeler and let him be. This did not seem like much money to Mrs. Wheeler, and the offer, indeed, made her very angry. But the agent let slip the fact that all the last year that she had been searching, young Mr. Wheeler had been living quietly and comfortably at the Union League Club, in New York.

Soon after the lawyer had gone, Mrs. Wheeler had a friend call up the Union League Club and say that Mrs. Wheeler's former lawyer wanted to talk to Mr. Wheeler. Her husband jumped at this bait, came to the phone and agreed to wait in the hall, near the door of the club, for the supposed lawyer.

Mrs. Wheeler didn't waste a minute. With a deputy sheriff, who had been assigned to serve the papers, she jumped into a taxicab, raced up Fifth avenue and rushed through the door of the Union League Club, her deputy sheriff close behind her.

Before anyone could stop her she was in the hall, and, sure enough, just as he said he would be, there reading a paper was her husband.

The first intimation he had of what was happening was when his wife's shadow fell upon the paper, her hand clutched his shoulder and her voice rang in his ears:

"Here he is!"

No one can say that Mr. Wheeler is not quick witted. He grasped the situation at once. Before the deputy sheriff could reach him with the warrant he had vaulted out of that chair, thrust his wife backward and leaped like a rabbit through a door that led from the big hall.

After him went Mrs. Wheeler, and after her the deputy sheriff, waving the papers.

The room from which they raced was an enormous one, almost completely filled with dignified, prosperous looking gentlemen, all quietly reading newspapers. Through the ranks of these astonished persons ran Mr. Wheeler, behind him his wife, shouting "Stop him!" at the top of her voice, and after her the panting officer of the law.

Nothing like this had ever been seen within the walls of the dignified, exclusive Union League Club!

Papers flew everywhere, chairs were overturned, and many of the same astonished gentlemen went sprawling. The dash through the Union League's reading room was made in a little more than nothing, flat.

Then through another welcoming door leaped young Mr. Wheeler, with his trailers close behind him. At the other side was another room filled with equally dignified and astounded clubmen.

By this time Mr. Wheeler's train had grown considerably. Besides his wife and her deputy sheriff there was a queue of protesting Union Leaguers, shocked flunkies and half a dozen waiters from the big dining room, who had forgotten their duties in the excitement.

Another door loomed up. Through it they all went and down a flight of stairs, the pack in full cry. Mr. Wheeler's speed had become astonishing—but, then, so had his pursuers. Through another door he flew, and just as he touched the linted the largest butler Mrs. Wheeler had ever seen popped suddenly from the room behind and blocked that doorway. Mr. Wheeler ducked under his arm again like a frightened rabbit. Mrs. Wheeler tried to duck, too, but the arm dropped and caught her.

"You let me go!" she cried. "That's my husband and I want him!"

"You cawn't 'ave 'im!" said the butler, solemnly.

"Why not?" asked she.

"This is Mr. Wheeler's 'ome, and a man's 'ome is his castle. You cawn't serve papers on a man in his own 'ome. That has been the law for years. I shall have to ask you and your friend to withdraw," intoned the butler.

Mrs. Wheeler argued and expostulated—but it was no use. The clubmen were solidly with their fellow member, now safely hidden. As one they declared their support of the law that nobody could be served with embarrassing or troublesome papers in his own home. Some of them stressed the point with such fervor that it made Mrs. Wheeler suspect that there might have been other wives than herself lurking about the club for the same purpose.

There was nothing for her to do but go. So she went, and with the deputy sheriff took up a stand on the other side of the street, where she could watch the entrance. She had a hope that Mr. Wheeler might come out. All night the two waited. But Mr. Wheeler never emerged.

Another year went by—a year of fruitless pursuits. Then one day Mrs. Wheeler was lunching disconsolately in a fashionable restaurant with a friend. Suddenly the fork with which she was conveying a portion of her dainty lunch to her paused in mid-air. Her friend saw that her face had grown pale, her eyes staring incredulously.

And then, as though she had been shot by a spring, that friend saw Mrs. Wheeler shoot out of her chair, careless of the table and dishes, and proceeding with the greatest rapidity, pass the tables of amazed diners. At the same time a man who had been entering the restaurant, spun round and passed out of it again, much as a leaf is twisted and hurled away on the wings of a sudden wind.

The man had been the vanishing Mr. Wheeler! Fate had brought him to that restaurant at the exact moment when the wife had sought him so long was also there. But fate had been kinder to him than to her, because, alas, for Mrs. Wheeler, he has never met first.

And thereafter four more years went by, during which, despite all her patience and persistence, she caught never a sight of him again.

But patient and persistent Mrs. Wheeler had a niece who sympathized with her in her sorrows.

"She was nineteen and a darling," says Mrs. Wheeler. "And one day when she was lunching with me I said to her:

"Dear child—it looks as though I were beaten. Yet I have prayed every day for wisdom to carry on my search. I have even prayed among the relics of St. Anne de Beaupre outside Quebec."

The child lifted her eyes to mine.

"You will find him yet, auntie dear," she said. "God is just. He will show us the way. I wish I could think of something for you."

"As though in answer to her, an inspiration flashed upon me.

"'If I can find the woman who robbed me of my happiness I can find him,' I told her. 'Would you go to her former husband's office, use an assumed name and say you are the daughter of a friend who wants to find her?'

"'Anything for you, auntie,' the sweet child repeated."

So Mrs. Wheeler's little niece went to the designing lady's former husband and came back saying all he had left of her was her telephone number.

Yet it had been an inspiration sure enough. Following up the telephone number Mrs. Wheeler landed down in Long Island and from a taxicab man, she says, that same designing lady walking about in some one garden with Mrs. Wheeler's own mother-in-law. And the taxicab man said that Mr. Wheeler came out after, in fact, he thought he lived there.

Someone at the station gave her the address. Telegrams had been sent and others relayed to his office. Sure, they would give the address to her. They did.

"Will you do something else for me?" Mrs. Wheeler asked her sympathetic little niece, who again answered:

"Anything I can, auntie."

So auntie took her to the office whose address she had gotten from the nice station attache and told her to go up and say she was So-and-So, a cousin of the elusive Mr. Wheeler.

"Try not to see any one in authority," she coached her. "Just say to someone in the first office you enter that you are his cousin. Mention the name I have given you and say you want to know where he stops when he is in the city."

The child did just that. In the meantime Mrs. Wheeler was reconnoitering about the building. She ascertained that there was only one exit. She was sure that her husband was inside, fairly sure that he would take alarm at the niece's inquiry and depart from there as quickly as possible.

She stood close beside the entrance and flattened herself against the wall. There came the thump of the elevator. Two men hurried out.

And one of them was her long-lost husband—the husband who had dodged her for thirteen long years!

Heart thumping, she flattened herself still more. Unsuspecting, he came trotting along—frightened out of his lair and running to safety. Now he was passing her—

Mrs. Wheeler pounced upon him!

She gripped him by the collar shouting:

"You're under arrest! You're under arrest!"

Undoubtedly at that moment Mr Gallatin Wheeler suffered an indescribable agitation.

But his guard was on the job. Mrs. Wheeler felt her shoulder gripped in strong hands. She was pulled back. Mr. Wheeler, trying to break away, pulled her forward. Simultaneously her husband tore away from her clutch and the neck and sleeves of her delicate Summer dress gave suddenly off her by the clutch of the guard.

Mrs. Wheeler, in despair, caught a glimpse of those elusive coat-tails of Mr Wheeler streaming behind him as he fled.

She lifted up her voice. Now, her teacher had always told her that she had a tremendous voice. That spectacle of her husband vanishing after he had been for the first time in thirteen years actually within her grasp stimulated it to intense efforts.

"I afterward learned," she said modestly, "that my voice could be heard over the rumble of the Sixth avenue train two blocks away."

People came running from every side.

"Don't let that man get away!" screamed Mrs. Wheeler, pointing to her running husband.

Two motor-cycle policemen snorted up, halted for an instant and then pursued Mr. Wheeler. He ducked and dodged. But they caught him.

All the time Mrs. Wheeler was screaming, screaming with the mighty voice of a thirteen-year baffled chase. The two policemen brought her husband back to her and she stopped.

"Here he is, lady," said one of the cops. "What do we do with him? What'd he do to you?"

Rapidly Mrs. Wheeler informed them that he was her husband and that there were two warrants out for him—one for fraud in attempting to secure a divorce, and one for back alimony that had been piling up for ten years.

"She's just a jealous woman," said Mr. Wheeler. "Just a private matter, officer."

But by this time private was hardly the right word. About two thousand people were surging around. The most of them had heard Mrs. Wheeler's screams and responded to them. Somebody sent in a call for reserves and they soon added to the conspicuous lack of privacy.

With his wife leading the way, careless of her torn waist, Mr. Wheeler was marched to the nearest police station. There the officer in charge verified the existence of the alimony warrant—the fraud warrant having been outlawed by the passage of the years.

Mrs. Claudia Gallatin Wheeler's thirteen-year-long chase was ended.

And shortly afterward her well-earned back alimony was paid and the settlement her patience and persistence so richly deserved was made upon her.

The Tragedy of My Life a

Effie Pope Hill, 16, Who Married the Milli
Indulged and Loaded with Clothes and
Intolerable and It Would Have Bee

Photograph of Mrs. Effie Pope Hill Alsop at the Time She Left Her Husband—a Face Not Quite So Innocent and Youthful

Mrs. Alsop and Austin Clark, Her Dancing Partner.

THERE is nothing so wickedly misleading as a popular maxim which is not true, and on this page to-day Mrs. Effie Pope Hill Alsop explains why she has discovered the utter falsehood of the popular proverb that—

"It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

Miss Effie Hill, of an excellent Southern family, married an aged Washington millionaire, who was in his 80th year. The old man was desperately in love, generous and indulgent. How much better, then, to be this rich old man's petted darling than to be the bride of less time way to ma of domest tion are r

The m sixteen is Mrs. Alsc

Mr. A of his aff clothes a with jewe

And y Alsop ass it is a th slave tha enough to

Prince Paul John Preston Arnott Clairmont, Who Said He Killed Himself for Love of Mrs. Alsop.

By MRS. EFFIE POPE ALSOP

CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

MR. ALSOP, my aged husband, had at last reduced his ideas as to my conduct into a set of rules, as I explained last Sunday. Then he had locked me up in my room to give me time to think them over.

When I had at last agreed never again to go out of the house without him, never to drive my own car again, never to dance and never to lock the door to my own room, never to do anything which would not be perfectly proper for an obsolete matron of seventy-nine—why then he would let me out. But not until.

This programme did not appeal to me at all, and so I had thrown myself against my bedroom door, beating the panels with my arms.

"Open that door or you'll be sorry ever after," I had called to my husband. And I had raised my arms again and then had been seized by something stronger than myself. A great darkness enveloped me and I knew nothing more till my eyes opened upon a group, about my bedside—Mr. Alsop, my maid and the family physician.

"Well," said I at once to Mr. Alsop, "you had to unlock the door, didn't you? And I haven't promised, either."

I shut my eyes then as suddenly as I had opened them, for I was in considerable pain. When I looked about again the doctor and Mr. Alsop had passed into my husband's bedroom, from which stray words of their conversation floated to me. At once I knew that the good old doctor was fighting the battles of my youth against my husband's age.

"Little lady's very nervous," I heard him say. "A few more such scenes might kill her. Why don't you humor her a bit now and then? And give her back the keys, if she insists. You'll never control that child in there by locking her up. Try something else, Mr. Alsop."

I knew that my husband would be enraged at the doctor, but I also knew that he believed in his physician entirely. So I was not surprised that night, after the doctor had gone, to see Mr. Alsop return. He threw my two keys upon the bed as he spoke in cold displeasure.

"Well, here are your keys. Have your liberty, if you insist!"

I greedily snatched for them and sank down into my pillows, clutching the keys through my sleep. I dreamed of going away from all this turmoil, of going away for good, but I knew the late scene had left me far too weak for that as yet. The thoughts I entertained on that painful night through the long hours were far too bitter for my nineteen years.

I recalled all the promises of protection, of absolute love and utter forbearance which this anxious old husband had made to me before our marriage. And then I thought of how he had changed. It had been battle after battle between us, jealousy, tyranny, always the inhumanities of age toward youth. Until at last my husband had added to his other cruelties a most surprising parsimony.

When I married Mr. Alsop he was a millionaire, worth, so I had heard, at least eight millions. This money had trebled itself, in the years of the World War, from 1914 on, I had been told. The one comfort I had always possessed as the young wife of such an aged man was an absolute freedom to buy or order anything my fancy wanted. But in those last days in Washington I was even bitterly rebuked for spending too much money.

My husband's unexpected parsimony first took expression one morning after breakfast as we were sitting as usual in the library. I felt dull and dispirited, for I was thinking how all the young people of my set in Washington were even then galloping over the gallant bridle paths of Rocky Creek Park while I sat glumly with my dozing old husband.

"How long will my youth be wasted?" I asked myself drearily. "If ever the time comes when I am my own mistress and can go riding, will I then be too old?"

It was a sad morning for me as I sat there beside Mr. Alsop. And then quite abruptly, as if to accompany the grayness of my thoughts, I was startled to see my husband shaking a great sheaf of papers at me as his face grew dark and gloomy.

"Take them," he commanded. "Take them, and look at the immense amount of money your extravagance has cost me."

He rustled the papers towards my open hands. I looked at them. They were my bills, dressmaking and dry goods for the last year. I regarded them blandly, not at all put out nor disturbed as my husband launched forth into angry scolding.

"How much—how much have you spent at the stores this last year, do you know?" he demanded.

"Why no," I replied lightly. "I never ask. I just charge what I want as you told me."

"Mrs. Alsop," my husband began, very formally, "I wonder if you realize that your clothes for this last year have cost me forty thousand dollars?—forty thousand dollars to dress a girl only nineteen years old. And that isn't counting all the jewelry I have bought you. Why, it's preposterous. I never heard of such a reckless woman."

I laughed very sadly. I was weak from many quarrels and far too tired to argue. But I saw I must hold up my corner in this debate, even as Lillian Russell had advised me on that very first occasion when I ran away from Mr. Alsop. So I summoned my strength.

"Ned," I began, "it's foolish in you—just foolish to feel that way about the trifling little forty thousand dollars. If you began now and tried to spend all your fortune, you couldn't use it all up in your lifetime. Then why shouldn't I have what I want? I don't regard forty thousand dollars such a big sum, considering how rich you are."

Mr. Alsop arose and started pacing up and down the floor, rubbing his hands in a gesture which I have since seen used in the movies to characterize a miser.

"Well," said he, "you never know what's going to happen. We never know—we never know! We're all born, but we're not dead yet!"

"We are not dead yet." How often, in the disillusioning years which have passed since then, have I sadly agreed that this was true. My husband was growing very, very old. He was eighty-two at this time, if I remember correctly. I have heard that infirmities of spirit grow upon a person with length of years, as do infirmities of body. This was certainly true of Mr. Alsop, for in three years the lavishly generous old gentleman had become the grasping calculator. Of course, I know that forty thousand dollars for a yearly clothes bill for most women would have been an extravagance. But I reasoned that wives should expect to dress in proportion to their husbands' means, and that if ever there was a woman who should be allowed her will in these matters, it was I. An old husband cannot make up to his young wife for the vast difference in their ages. Therefore, it seemed only right for me to have what clothes I wished, since they were my one pleasure in life.

Just a few days after this episode when we went shopping, Mr. Alsop's growing parsimony at last became very embarrassing to me before the salespeople. The choice finally settled between two dresses, one of which cost twenty-five dollars more than the other, and Mr. Alsop hemmed and hawed and backed and filled and at last vehemently insisted that I should take the cheaper dress. I knew he was thinking of the twenty-five dollars he would save and I was very irritated, so I refused to take either. To go with this parsimony, Mr. Alsop also developed a most unreasonable jealousy, twice as intense as he had displayed already on those occasions when he ordered my dancing partner from the house and took me away from the ball as I was about to dance with young Jimmie Hill.

In the meantime, the months slipped by on our growing discord. Indeed, as I look back I can see that in this period we, each of us, Mr. Alsop and I, developed a slogan characteristic of the terrible, tragic tug between my nineteen years and his eighty-two. His slogan was, "whom are you going to meet, now?" And he said this to me if I so much as crossed the lawn; he said it to me with absolute lack of justification, because I was never in love with any man while I was Mr. Alsop's wife, and never considered any man in a romantic way till long after my separation.

That was his slogan—"whom are you going to meet, now?" And mine was equally terse—"I'll leave, on the next train."

I am ashamed to think of how many times I said this when I did not leave; and yet I know now that this little slogan saved me many an injustice, because Mr. Alsop never wanted me to leave and so would lighten the discipline. Of course, I did make a record as a runaway wife, and when I tell my readers that in one year I crossed to Europe seven times, making fourteen separate sailings, they will see that my life then was restless. I remember on one occasion that I got back from England on the tenth and sailed again on the twentieth. I have now come to tell of my last days in Washington with Mr. Alsop.

Shortly after the episode of the two dresses, Mr. Alsop had to go to Pittsburgh to attend a directors' meeting of the steel company in which so many of the Alsop millions were invested. I was left to my own devices while he was gone, and I had been so sadly imprisoned for months before his departure that I was mad for a little fun. Since my only outing in those days was a drive through Rocky Creek Park with Mr. Alsop in the limousine, I now decided that I would have at least one party in my husband's absence.

The party was harmless enough. I invited many of my friends of the riding class I had belonged to formerly. They brought along their brothers and their fiancees for dinner and dancing afterward. Towards midnight, when things seemed to settle down rather quietly I thought what a lot of fun it would be to take the automobiles and go somewhere into the country for a change of scene and a cocktail. So when I suggested a cabaret several miles from the capital, along the road to Baltimore, everybody agreed. My roadster and another were brought around. I drove my own car and everybody who couldn't find a seat elsewhere piled onto the mudguards, the hood, the back and even onto the top. But it was fun going this way and we all felt the impromptu glee of the party.

We found the cabaret all right and danced till after three. Then we piled into the roadsters again. I took the wheel and we started off to my house in Dupont Circle for a breakfast of ham and eggs which I promised the company I would cook myself. As we approached our house everybody started singing. Of course, this all sounds very wild, but it was a perfectly innocent party nevertheless, one of the kind which happens now and then in almost any polite family.

I remember so well the little details of this first and last really happy young people's party I had under my husband's roof. As we reached Washington the sun came up red and orange. Everywhere was the hush of the early dawn and over all the air was heavy with the scent of roses and gardenias of that Southern countryside. I left the roadster at the door and took my guests in and upstairs to wash for breakfast.

One young man was Bobbie Fossett, who had grown up with me in Washington, my own native town in Georgia. Since I have always felt just a little more cordial to Southern folk than to any other

"An Old Man's Darling"

...maire Edward B. Alsop, 80, Petted, ...Jewels, Explains Why Life Was ...n a Thousand Times Better to Be a "Young Man's Slave"

...a younger man who had less money and ... to devote to her and had his precarious ...ke in this world. But the alluring picture ...ic contentment fades. Money and affec... ...ot enough.

...arriage of a man of eighty and a child of ... impossible of success for reasons which ...p explains extremely well.

...sop presented her with $100,000 as a token ...ection. She spent $40,000 in one year for ...one. And the aged husband loaded her ...ls, trinkets and indulgences.

...et her marriage was intolerable, and Mrs. ...erts that her experience demonstrates that ...ousand times better to be a young man's ...n the petted darling of a husband old ...be her grandfather.

...ie anywhere else, I was very glad that Bobbie ... my guest on the one occasion when I was able ...and play in my own house And so I suppose ...as only natural that while some of the young ...s were washing up in the bathroom Bobbie and ...ould stand outside on the landing, exchanging ...ip of home. That was the only place where we ...alone together, and then only for five minutes ...e he waited his turn. But these little five min... precipitated the end, as I shall explain.

...or the servants had got up in the meantime, and ... ordered breakfast instead of cooking it myself ... had first planned. Then when we were all ...ened up, a chattering, laughing, happy com... started down those sombre stairs that generally ...v only the infirm rheumatics of Mr. Alsop.

...he boys were all still laughing at the way I had ...en back from the roadhouse.

...You only knocked over two silent policemen," ...ie Fossett told me again for the third time. ...ly two silent policemen, Effie. You want to be ...kful they weren't the noisy kind."

...Everybody started talking together again, and ..., downstairs, the hall door opened. In walked ... Alsop. The moment was freighted with doom ...e turned his weak eyes upward and saw me at ...head of the merry procession, coming downstairs ...he arm of my old friend, Bobbie Fossett. Mr. ...p stopped stiffly, as if to take root, and then ...sed his cane, as though he were the prophet ...miah, just ready to inflict a curse upon a prize ...er.

... threw off Bobbie's arm and ran downstairs. I ... more embarrassed than ever before in my life, ... I also felt absolutely determined that this one ...py party was not going to end in recriminations ... a scene so near its close. So I ran downstairs ... threw my arms up around my husband's neck, ...ending to whisper little love words in his ear. ...ead, I hurled at him the most terrible threat I ...d think of.

...Don't you dare to make a scene," I told him. ...ese are my friends and we have been having a ...ectly innocent party. Now we'll have break... and then they'll go. If you do anything, I'll— ...—commit suicide." I said the worst thing I could ...k of.

...Mr. Alsop seemed impressed. He took up his ... and waited while the subdued, silent young ...ple passed into the dining room. Then he toiled ...airs and called Thorne, the first butler, to him. ... maze of discouragement I took my place at the ...d of the table as our ham and eggs were brought ...When we were half through Mr. Alsop looked ...the doorway. He had come down again.

..."Won't you join us, Ned?" I asked, trying to be ...isant.

..."No, thank you," he rejoined. "I prefer my ...kfast at the right hour, in the right way, with ...right company, my butler behind my chair."

...This was a shocking insult, but I could do noth... so pretended not to have heard. Mr. Alsop ...turned into the library, while the guests fin...d, got their things and bade me adieu. Sadly, ...r the last one had departed, I joined my hus...d, and then the storm broke.

..."I have just learned of your shocking affair with ...ng Fossett," he told me. "Thorne, the butler, ...apprised me of all the details. I always knew ...e was somebody, but now I have found out. I ...ays knew you had a reason for the cold affection ... kimped out to me, grudgingly as a miser. So— ...oung Fossett."

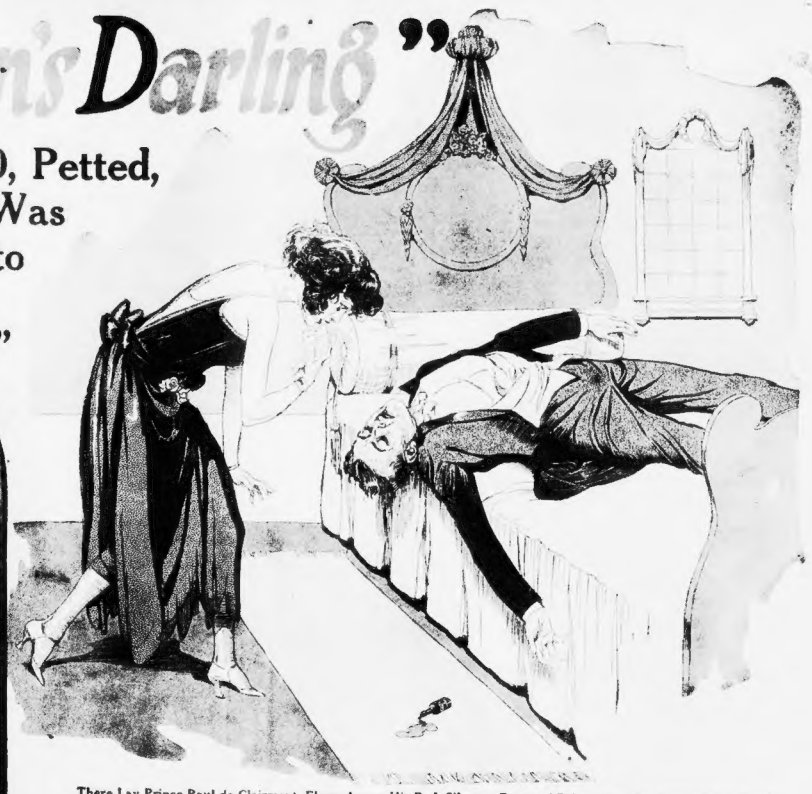
...almost wanted to laugh.

..."Oh, don't be silly," said I. "This is the first ... I've seen Fossett since I moved from Georgia. ... just an old playfellow."

..."You talked with him upstairs, outside the bath... door, for fifteen minutes by the clock," my ...band informed me accusingly. And the ... little worm turned, for good this time.

..."Ned Alsop," said I, "this ends everything be...en us. As a matter of fact, I am not in love with ...ett, though it would be natural enough if I were. ... near my own age; he's fitting. But I'm not in ...ith you, either, which also is natural enough. ...e stood most shocking tyrannies from you and ...ried to be good most of the time. But when

Stage Photograph of Mrs. Alsop After She Finally Ran Away from Her Aged Husband and Thought She Would Try Her Fortunes on the Stage.



There Lay Prince Paul de Clairmont, Flung Across His Bed, Silent, a Bottle of Poison Near His Outstretched Hand. On the Dresser, Near My Photograph, Was This Note: "Effie, My Darling, I Have Done What I Told You I Would Do When the Week Was Up. I Leave You All I Have, Including My Papers Explaining My Birth. And I Love You."

you put your negro butler to the task of watching your wife, and then acknowledge it to me, that is too much. And it is the end."

I started very coldly, hardly realizing my anger. But as I talked I gathered feeling, till at last I knew that my cheeks blazed as I finished.

"You are my murderer," said I to my husband. "For what have you done to me? You have killed my youth; you have killed in me every normal expectation which a woman of my years has a right to look forward to. I married you because I thought I loved you. But how was I to tell? And you—you were seventy-nine, and you knew I wasn't in love with you. But you took advantage of me and let me marry you because I didn't know any better.

"I can't live with you any longer, and I am so tired and so disillusioned that I would shrink from marrying anyone else if I could. You are a church member; you subscribe to charities; you call yourself a pillar of society. Oh, you wicked, selfish, tyrannical old man! Who are you to have robbed me of my life? Who are you to have taken away my happiness for a few years of association with yourself? When you are alone with your conscience —just think things over. And you will know then that you never can atone for the evil you have done me!"

It was so, and at last I had told him. The old man, who had always objected to children because they mussed up the lawn, sat back in his chair, and he didn't accuse me any more of a preference for somebody my own age. Instead, he stretched out his hands to me.

"Oh, my child," he begged, "don't talk like that. And don't go."

"I am going," said I, "and this time I am going for good."

I went upstairs quietly enough, and into my room, where I started to get out trunks and bags and to direct my maid about my clothing. She had been my maid now for several years, and she was fond of me. The poor little creature was crying as we bent together over the first trunk.

"Oh, Mrs. Alsop," she begged, "pity him—he is so old!"

"Pity me," I told her, "I am so young!"

After several hours I had finished and started downstairs in my hat and gloves and veil. Mr. Alsop still sat near the door of the library, which opened into the hall, looking at me, his eyes dull and troubled. I knew he realized at last a little of the terrible cruelty he had committed when he, at seventy-nine, had married an unreasoning child of sixteen. For his words sounded as though from a wounded spirit.

"At least," said he, "let the man call the limousine for you."

"Thank you, I will take a cab," I told him. I crossed Dupont Circle, where was a cab stand, and sent the driver back for my bags. Then I bought a ticket for New York. I remember I had three hours to wait at the station, a period I spent wondering what I would do next.

It was a fairly anxious time, those hours of waiting, in which I took account of stock. I had then some resources, most of which Mr. Alsop had given me on the three or four occasions when he considered that a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds might help him back into my good graces. In addition I had a smaller fund which my dear father had left me. At that time my entire fortune could not have amounted to much over two hundred thousand, a sum which undoubtedly might have seemed ample to many women. But as the wife of a millionaire, whose only diversion had come in spending, I had formed habits of extravagance which the income from two hundred thousand dollars would by no means support. So I thought that the stage might be the easiest way of adding to my means.

Several years before the beautiful actress Cissie Hayden had suggested the stage to me, when I rather fancy she had suspected my unhappy married life. The next step, then, was to find an entry. Immediately on arriving in New York I heard that one woman producer was engaging people for some sort of new production. Accordingly I dressed in my very best, took much pains with my hair and hat and jewels and finally presented myself before her, looking, I thought, quite nice. That lady took one glance at me and then asked:

"My dear, why does such a pretty girl as you bleach her hair?"

I was very angry, since I never touched my hair as to color in all my life, for I have been yellow-haired from babyhood.

So I left, needless to say, deciding that my stage debut must be made through some other person than the lady in question. I next turned to Ned Waylands, who promised to give me my start and to set about it at once. We decided that as a beginning I would dance and sing on a flower-strewn stage, entering the first time with my arms full of roses.

The newspapers at that time became very facetious, announcing very prominently that Mrs. Alsop, who had married the aged millionaire, was now setting out to make Sarah Bernhardt tremble for her laurels, and would start in by singing a song about "Luv in a Garden of Roses." They considered they were very funny, but this particular headline never appealed to me so much, though I must admit there was one piece of irony in connection with my debut which did please me. As I had plenty of money at that time, I saw to it that the setting for my act should be very lavish, and to complete my splendor I had emblazoned upon the handsome velvet drop curtains which belonged to my act the Alsop coat of arms. Further to immortalize the family into which I had married, I evolved a step, half jump, half fandango glide, which was specially mentioned on the programme as the "Alsop Hop." Perhaps this was not fair to Mr. Alsop. But Mr. Alsop hadn't been fair to me, I told myself.

These details having been decided, the next thing was to find a suitable dancing partner. I had always very much disliked the typical cabaret bounder, lounge lizard, tea hound sort of man who makes his living, when he has to, from professional dancing. Broadway and all the smart tea dansants were beginning then to be filled with such gentry, but they didn't appeal to me. So when one afternoon I met Prince Paul de Clairmont at dinner at a friend's house, and when he begged me, almost in the first breath after the introduction, to let him be my dancing partner, I considered myself very lucky. Everything then seemed all decided and the rest nothing but a matter of rehearsal.

But I reckoned without the Alsop luck, for things did begin to multiply with exceeding tragedy from the time I met the Prince. I suppose I should explain a little about him. His origins were shrouded in romance, and he was a typical Slav in the mystery he always drew about him. As illustration of the mystery, I suppose I might mention that I had not known him two hours before he confided to me that he was a natural son of Alexander III. of Russia, father of the late Czar.

"Ah," Paul would say to me, his hand on his heart, his eyes uplifted, "ah, my darling, if poor Paul had had an even chance in life, he would not now be dancing for a living!"

I have never been able to explain Prince Paul nor to assign him to the place where he should go. He certainly was a gentleman; at least he must have associated on equal terms with gentle society because every detail of polite social usage was at his finger tips.

The prince had colorful ways, moreover. At one time he kept a pet snake, Isabella, and at another time he was said to be the fiance of a Miss Elizabeth Golden, daughter of a New England dry goods storekeeper. Miss Golden was a spinster of fifty who had inherited ten thousand dollars very late in life. She had come to New York to see the sights, met the prince who thought her wealthy, and the engagement followed. They never married, however, and a little later an item appeared in the papers in which the Prince renounced the lady as far too impoverished for him.

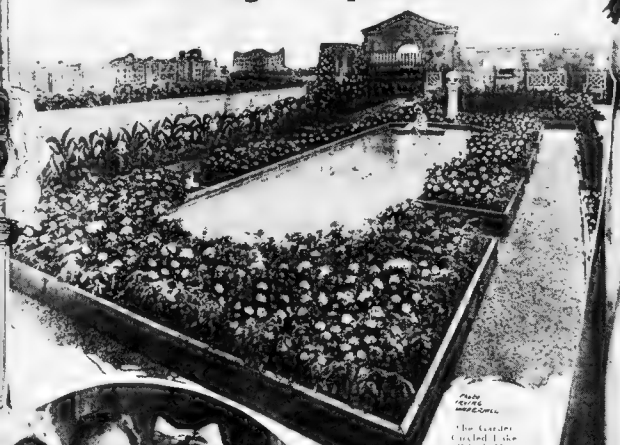
But his exploits were endless from the time when, according to the Prince and the papers, he furnished Eleanor Glyn with her hero for "Three Weeks" to the time when he entered the Broadway cabaret

Continued on Page 14

P R F Falling in Love With a Dentist

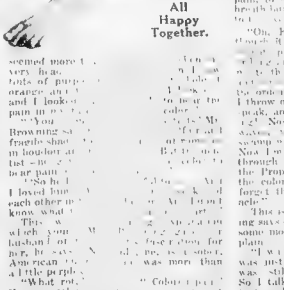
The Amazing Explanation Multi-Millionaire Mr. Browning Says His Runaway Wife Gave Him for Transferring the Heart He Thought Belonged to Him Alone to Her Tooth-Pulling, Nerve-Shattering, Bone-Drilling "Prophet of Pain"

"About the most unlikely place to fall in love would seem to be a dentist's chair. And about the most unlikely man for a woman to fall in love with would equally seem to be the torturing dentist. But for very extraordinary reasons, Mr. Browning says, that is exactly what his wife did."



The Garden Circled Like Which Mr Browning Made for His Wife to Row Around on Thirteen Stories Above the Dirty Streets of New York and on Top of Their Apartment House

Mr Browning with the Two Children, Dorothy and Marjorie Whom He Adopted to Please Mrs. Browning



Little Marjorie Doing an Oriental Dance Step in the Days When the Brownings Were All Happy Together.

Mrs. Edward W. Browning, Who, Her Husband Says, Has Run Away to Paris With Her Dentist.

MOST people w[illegible] is any place [illegible] making l[illegible]

Are most people [illegible] nerve-b[illegible] mechanic who [illegible] nerves with feel[illegible] affection.

A trust[illegible] people [illegible] butter.

B[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Browning might like to see and which would be in harmony with her [illegible] seemed more t[illegible] very heav[illegible] lots of purp[illegible] orange and [illegible] and I looke[illegible] pain in my [illegible] Browning s[illegible] fragile shad[illegible] in loudest [illegible] tal-b[illegible] bear pain [illegible]

"So I [illegible] I loved hu[illegible] each other [illegible] know what [illegible]

"Tis [illegible] wife your [illegible] husband of [illegible] Ame[illegible] a little perple[illegible]

"What rot. You see colo[illegible] you. What [illegible] rot!"

At that he was [illegible] tened up, he says, and insisted [illegible] into more details.

"You don't kno[illegible] said she. "You don't understand what he has discovered for me. It seems to me that the poor little woman could not know her own mind or heart. [illegible] blunt instruments, to [illegible] the filing of a tooth and the wrecking in my head [illegible] the Prophet of P[illegible] [illegible] I am he[illegible] You—you be[illegible] nice things. I like [illegible] I like our [illegible] our roof garden [illegible] Browning [illegible] But until I [illegible] doctor I knew [illegible] pleasure. And [illegible] pleasure does [illegible] to learn the [illegible] of pain [illegible] who I took [illegible] the dentist, be[illegible] in his hands I had to go through [illegible] the torture of the inexhaustible."

"Oh, Edward, I do hate pain, even though it [illegible] so much to me. I [illegible] pain. But when Dr. Wilson starts [illegible] and buzzing away at [illegible] I know that nerve and will [illegible] to be guided up to stand [illegible] I wish it or not then I throw out the hands of my spirit, so to speak, and say to myself, 'now, it's coming!' Now, great pain, in huge, engulfing waves, sweeps over me to sweep [illegible] tumultuous embraces. Now I feel [illegible] a new sensation. I pass through the dark pleasures of anguish the Prophet of Pain leading me on, till the color waves engulf me anew and I forget the agony in watching their purple."

This is the [illegible] which Mr Browning says confronted her in his own family some months ago. As he goes on to explain

"I was [illegible] but then, I thought it was just a warm day and the little lady was still suffering from the ordeal. So I talked to her simply and explained that such affection as she imagined she had for the dentist was all nonsense. I told her how unprofessional it was for a man to make love to his women patients. As for this 'colored pain' business, I told her it was just nonsense.

"And so, after I had explained the utter folly of this, I begged her to put her dentist out of her mind. And she promised. With tears in her little dewy eyes she pressed me solemnly before God and swore that she would never see that [illegible] again. And then, thirty minutes [illegible] clock after she had promised and [illegible] had left her, she called that [illegible] up [illegible] an appointment for tea the next day.

"One night she was missing."

Next day I called in detectives to help me [illegible] and after some time I discovered [illegible] Lad sailed under an assumed name on the same ship as Europe as Lad [illegible] dentist. Since then I have received daily reports of their doings by radio. And what I have heard has nearly killed me.

Life and women—how unexplained they are! I sometimes think if I had been harsh with her it might have been different. But then—I could never have been harsh. Because, you see, I loved her," says Mr. Browning.

But Mr. Browning from Paris denies that she ran away with the dentist. She admits she sailed away from Mr. Browning under an assumed name, which just happened to be the name of one of the dentist's close friends. But she says that Dr Wilson was not on the same ship with her and that the fact that he is in Paris at this time is entirely accidental. And Mrs. Browning has begun suit for divorce against her multi-millionaire husband in Paris. She accuses him of a lot of things, too. She says that he didn't treat her right, used to make scenes and shut himself up in a room and threatened to shoot himself. She also asserts that he paid attention to much younger ladies than he should have.

The dentist is saying nothing at all.

But if Mr. Browning's report of what his wife told him about "colored pain" is accurate, it makes one wonder what she will do when all her teeth have been bored and cut away. You can't get "colored pain" or anything else but plain drab, colorless annoyance out of false teeth.

To Preserve a Sponge.

DO not let a sponge lie in soapy water, but rinse well in clean [illegible] after [illegible]. Squeeze out as [illegible] water [illegible] possible and place [illegible] dry where the air will have [illegible] every part.

The Go[illegible] S[illegible] M[illegible] B[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

WHILE out riding on [illegible] [illegible]

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"COME on, [illegible]," cried Fiammetta in a tone of [illegible]

Ginevra [illegible] and Laldomine.

Neri strode [illegible] swiftly followed [illegible].

"Madonna F[illegible] forgotten [illegible]."

"Messere Neri Chiaramantesi, I beg your courtesy. This is my young cousin I take abroad [illegible] brother dallies [illegible]. We should not be alone."

"And must not [illegible] alone, per mio! I will accompany you upon your way."

His gaze [illegible] fixed on Gin[illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible].

"Is this a Vis[illegible]?" [illegible]

"Nay, a relation [illegible] Bonaventura, [illegible]"

[illegible] how [illegible] could [illegible]

"I shall not frighten her," said Neri quickly.

"Oh, but you do, messere," cried Ginevra in tones of [illegible]ness. "You are so big and look so fierce."

"But not to you, madonna," replied Neri.

Ginevra glanced round [illegible] widened. "Oh, Fiammetta," she cried, "let us go home, the people stare at us."

"I'll spit the [illegible]" [illegible] Neri [illegible]

[illegible]

who had joined Carlo in following the two women.

The poet paused and looked [illegible] at his enemy, smiling a little [illegible] along on to Carlo's arm.

"Well met, messere," [illegible] lowly. "Trinca will thank you for thus calling attention to the beauty of his wife."

"I'll call attention to the thinness of your skull by knocking a hole in it," retorted Neri loudly, "unless you get out of my way."

"Hear the bully rant and roar," smiled Giannetto, stepping lightly up to the women. "Come, Ginevra, be not frightened, sweet; Carlo and I are here to see you safe."

"Ginevra is her name? I shall not forget it," said Neri in a softer tone. "[illegible] with you, Messere Vis[illegible]?" he added.

"She is in my charge," replied Carlo. "Come, Ginevra, come, Fiammetta——"

But Ginevra was staring at Neri and made no sign of leaving; the Pisan laughed on a note of exultation. "See now she gapes and gazes, the pretty pigeon."

Giannetto bit his lip and caught the girl roughly by the arm.

"Come on, Ginevra, would you make a show in the public street?" he asked with a sharpness that was not all feigned.

The girls' pettish movement in response did not escape Neri's delighted gaze.

"She favors me! By God, she favors me," he cried.

"Am I the first to do so, Messere," simpered Ginevra, "since you shout so about it?"

Neri roared with joy at this repartee, which was of the kind he was used to in his associates.

But Fiammetta and Carlo dragged the girl away, and Giannetto, wrapped in the flame colored mantle, followed close behind. Neri seized his osier basket and cast the contents after the girl, cleverly avoiding the poet and aiming at Ginevra's white mantle, where the sweet blossoms hung a moment in its folds before they were shaken to the ground.

She rewarded him with a dazzling laugh, then caught a small pink rose and put it between her teeth.

"You do not act your part," said Fiammetta angrily, hurrying her on. "Would you have him think you such a one as Laldomine or Laura Trinca?"

Ginevra pouted.

"I am flesh and blood and therefore such as they in truth."

"And being so," said Giannetto, rather pale, "no doubt you are attracted by this brawling bully who casts [illegible] at your feet?"

"If [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the poet [illegible] lips.

"I have no [illegible], Ginevra [illegible] liking brawny [illegible] up to the top [illegible]"

"And [illegible] you with his hero[illegible] slaver, [illegible] seek [illegible]," cried Ginevra.

"Silence," cried [illegible]. "Must you ever be [illegible] of your place?"

"I but speak of [illegible]," replied the girl sullenly, [illegible] wits to mope and [illegible]

W[illegible] jealously. "He pleases [illegible]"

"Why should he not [illegible]? He is a man."

"A fit mate for [illegible] you, you wanton [illegible]," [illegible] Fiammetta angrily. "[illegible] to be a [illegible] will Ginevra and she [illegible] Neri," she added, turning to Giannetto. "Carlo, take me home, I'll not walk the streets with thee."

So saying she barred [illegible] her brother.

Ginevra instantly [illegible]

[illegible] walk.

"Poet, stay a little, [illegible]

[illegible]

"What if I do?"

"Or perhaps [illegible] hope [illegible] Neri again?"

"Neri is a proper man."

"A proper brute, you poor one. Come within the house and hear me speak to you."

She saw further protests were useless, and pouting and reluctant she followed him into the Casa Visdomini. Once within, Giannetto drew her into the first room and turned to her passionately.

"Ginevra! Let us end this loathsome jest!"

The girl walked slowly over to the fire and held her hands out to the flaming logs.

The glow from the fire outlined her in liquid gold.

"How quickly you change your mind, poet!"

"When I saw you just now—gleaming at that man——"

"You wished you had as much brain and muscle, that I might gleam at you?"

"Wit will win a woman, girl, ay, and keep her. Do you think love is only lustihood? You do not know how I could love, Ginevra."

"Poor poet!" she murmured softly. "So you are tired of the jest?" she looked up eagerly.

"Will you end it, Ginevra, and let me woo you in truth and honor?"

Ginevra laughed, narrowing her eyes and hunching her shoulders.

"Truth and honor—I do not know the words."

"But I might make you understand their meaning," he cried ardently.

"There's little chance of that," she answered. "Remember you found me in the dirt, the gutter, the kennel——"

"Sweet," he interrupted, "I find you the sweetest thing under heaven—a rose, a pearl, a dewdrop——"

"I suppose that is poet's talk? Go on, I like to hear you rave for love of me—but I'll play this jest now to the end."

CHAPTER VII.

EVEN as he spoke and turned aside with a tempest in his heart, Lisabetta entered the room.

With her hands outspread beside her on the door she had closed after her, she stared at the two.

"Neri Chiaramantesi is without," she said.

Ginevra clapped her hands.

"He has followed me! He has followed me!"

"As you invited him to with your backward glances," said Giannetto bitterly.

"Was not that part of the plot?" she queried innocently.

"The plot! Your loathsome plot," cried Lisabetta angrily.

"Ay, you are right," answered Giannetto, [illegible]

[illegible]

Giannetto, fairer [illegible]

[illegible] "She is [illegible]," [illegible] back for [illegible]

[illegible]

"W[illegible]," [illegible] "and you were you mad [illegible]"

Lisabetta looked [illegible]

"And so I was [illegible] Giannetto cast out [illegible] most call cousin to ugly spite [illegible]"

Ginevra laughed.

"I want no [illegible] gladly I'll go to [illegible] for me. Shall I go, shall I go to Neri?"

Delicately holding [illegible] robe she minced to the door.

But Giannetto [illegible] "You know [illegible] I cannot [illegible]"

But Lisabetta turned [illegible] with equal desperation.

"Oh, let her go, Giannetto, she is evil. She brings [illegible] in her train, murder [illegible] pain and despair [illegible] as poisoned [illegible] laughter and [illegible]"

Giannetto [illegible] with his nostrils distended [illegible] glance.

"Ay, let me go, to Neri's arms for [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] his very heart."

[illegible]

go, else we are all [illegible]

"Poet," smiled the girl, "[illegible] I go or stay?"

"Stay! Stay!" [illegible] cried. "[illegible] were to [illegible]"

Lisabetta turned [illegible] and [illegible] from [illegible]

Ginevra stopped [illegible] slender pillars.

"Ay, [illegible] laughed, glowering for [illegible] never glowered for the [illegible] wife, while poor Laldomine weeps at home."

Giannetto was quickly by her side.

"Remember you said that you would play the jest, and in the jest you are the [illegible] damsel, modest and good."

"Therefore, keep at arm's length, good poet!"

"[illegible], the P[illegible] shall see me by your side, that [illegible] triumph for which I pay [illegible]"

So saying [illegible] and gazed into the street.

Neri was [illegible] back now, riding [illegible] down, gorgeously splendid [illegible] a mantle of [illegible] with three [illegible] long [illegible] in his cap.

As [illegible] saw [illegible] woman [illegible] with Giannetto's pale face behind her, [illegible] laughed and [illegible] away down [illegible]

"A[illegible]?" asked Giannetto [illegible]

"To see you [illegible] with me, poet," she [illegible]

"That is no [illegible] for mirth—for laughter," he [illegible]. "You might love me [illegible] love me yet."

"A [illegible] jest," replied Ginevra, [illegible] yawning. "How dull it [illegible] gone."

As [illegible] from the window [illegible] into the room.

"Keep [illegible]," said Giannetto. "[illegible]—but keep her close [illegible] glance or else [illegible]"

[illegible]

"W[illegible]," [illegible] Giannetto un[illegible]

[illegible]

other," [illegible] Fazio. "W[illegible]

[illegible] Giannetto.

"A [illegible] vengeance!" cried Fazio [illegible]. "[illegible] you could snare [illegible] with the same [illegible]"

"Ay, ay," [illegible]

But Fazio [illegible] think [illegible] to please [illegible] patron.

"To make [illegible] each other Giannetto. [illegible] a jest that would please [illegible] Messere."

"But are they not [illegible] with girls, [illegible] two [illegible] quarrel for another face."

"But she is so fair."

Giannetto started.

"[illegible] seen her, [illegible]?"

"[illegible] to-day when [illegible] on our arm to [illegible]"

"And you think [illegible] fair, Fazio?" asked Giannetto in a troubled voice.

Fazio shrugged.

"Why, if she was not fair we should all lose our [illegible] jest. But she is adorable."

"Adorable," repeated Giannetto.

"Yes, all [illegible] will say so."

"Why, then, not Gabriella Chiaramantesi?" asked Fazio.

Gabriello has not [illegible]

[illegible]

"You [illegible]," cried Giannetto [illegible] crystals [illegible] about her poor [illegible] when first [illegible]

(Continued on Page 12)

Washing Picture Frames.

PLAIN and painted picture frames should be washed with warm water and soap. When [illegible] rub linseed oil over them and polish with a soft rag.

The Golden Silence of Marjorie Bax

(Continued from Page 10)

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued on Page 1[illegible])

Wonderful New Orange-Tinted Bloom Gives a Surpassingly Natural Effect

It is [illegible] known [illegible] cosmetics th[illegible] some what [illegible] applied [illegible] pansion to that which it shows in the box.

This is due to the blending of the natural tint of the skin with that of the [illegible] an artist mixes one color with another on his palette.

Pompeian Orange Bloom shows an orange tint only before applying [illegible] as soon as it is on the cheek it becomes a delicate natural rosy flush, blending [illegible] does "defy detection."

No change takes place in the rouge [illegible] of what artists call "complementary coloring." Like all Pompeian rouge, this Orange Bloom is pure and harmless. Non-crumbling, yet coming off easily on the puff.

Every woman who now uses a rouge should try this new Pompeian Orange Bloom, since it produces a more natural effect on the majority of complexions under both daylight and electric light.

The Proper Powder

Pompeian Bloom is formulated to blend perfectly with Pompeian Beauty Powder, the *Rachel* and *Naturelle* tints of powder harmonizing especially well with the Orange tint of Bloom. The best results are always obtained when creams, powder, and rouge from [illegible] maker are used together. This is because each laboratory naturally fits its own preparations to one another, rather than to other [illegible]

Pompeian Beauty Powder is a soft, velvety powder [illegible] usual affinity for the skin. Its [illegible] does away with the annoyance of frequent repowdering.

The Foundation Cream

If you have been using your face powder without first applying a foundation cream, you will be surprised at the improved effect that comes with the use of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).

This cream, rubbed over the skin, quickly disappears, removing oiliness and giving the desired velvety surface. Powder applied over it will go on much more smoothly and evenly than upon the [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible] ation; it protects against sun, wind, and [illegible], helping to prevent sunburn [illegible]

The Lip Stick

Where [illegible] Then [illegible]

Pompeian Lip Stick is of an ideal consistency [illegible] too hard nor too soft. Its color is so natural that it is not to be distinguished when carefully used. Its [illegible] is chisel-pointed to make it easy to "spot" the exact spot which you want it. It comes in a dainty, telescoping gilt container, convenient for the hand-bag.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing) [illegible] 60c per jar
Pompeian Beauty Powder [illegible]
Pompeian Bloom [illegible]
Pompeian Lip [illegible]
Pompeian Lip Stick [illegible]
Pompeian Night Cream [illegible] 60c per jar

The MARY PICKFORD Panel
Sample of New Orange Bloom
and three other Pompeian samples sent to you for 10c

Mary Pickford, the world's [illegible] colored woman [illegible] again [illegible] Pompeian [illegible] Pompeian Beauty Powder [illegible] Pompeian Bloom [illegible] the panel [illegible]

1. Day Cream [illegible] described above [illegible] all stores.
2. Sample of Powder [illegible]
3. Sample of Rouge [illegible]
4. Sample of Pomp[illegible]
5. Sample of Pompeian [illegible]

Pompeian Laboratories, [illegible] Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Pompeian

Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

Do You Know How to Use Powder and Rouge in Summer?

Powder

Rouge

Lip Stick

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

Pompeian Laboratories [illegible]

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

[illegible] another below

When Using Raisins.

The Tragedy of My Life as "An Old Man's Darling"

(Continued from Double Page)

It wasn't easy to tell him

BARTON faced an unpleasant job that morning. As sales manager it became his duty to speak to one of [illegible] yet unsuccessful—on a subject [illegible] avoided by everyone.

There was something about this man that was holding him back—some invisible something that became a sort of indictment against [illegible] other admirable qualities [illegible]

Repeatedly it stood between [illegible] excellent order. And the pity of it all was that the man himself was utterly unaware of what his handicap was.

Of course, it wasn't an easy thing for Barton to tell him. But the sales manager had studied and observed his man, had found the cause and then, fortunately, had the courage [illegible]

Almost immediately the results showed. Within a month [illegible] salesman's orders doubled—then tripled!

[illegible] at the [illegible] but it did him a lot of good.

[illegible] suspicious [illegible] that it has been [illegible] for surgical dressings, possesses those peculiar properties as a [illegible] Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

The Tomato

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A TOMATO is about 95 per cent water, with a very [illegible] of "salts" [illegible] for proper [illegible] and [illegible] the most [illegible] so much talked [illegible] presence [illegible] refreshing of [illegible] tip in keeping a [illegible] of the body [illegible]

[illegible] tomatoes combine with almost any other vegetable, particularly the crisp ones of the leaf type, such as lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers, celery, etc. For any salad purposes they should be scalded in hot water, the skin slipped off and then chilled.

Because of their acid and flavor, tomatoes combine especially well with more starchy and flavorless foods. That is why such good combinations are found in tomatoes and egg plant, tomatoes and corn, macaroni, noodles, etc. Tomatoes and eggs is another dish where the insipid and tasteless egg is "jazzed up" by the more decided acid of the tomato. Any scrambled eggs or omelet is much improved by tomato sauce.

[illegible] baby a ripe tomato, to-day the [illegible] tomato has [illegible] than it has when made it [illegible] Tomato

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	[illegible]	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit,	[illegible]	Fruit,	Egg	[illegible]	Baked Apples	Cantaloupe
Fried	Blueberries,	Broiled	Iron Cream,	[illegible]	Boiled Eggs	Toast,
Hominy Squares	Muffins	Egg Plant,	Broiled Tomatoes	[illegible]	Toast,	Egg,
Tomato Sauce,	Cereal, Cream,	Coffee	Corn Crisp	[illegible]	Coffee	Coffee
Muffins,	Milk	*Luncheon*	Bacon Curls	[illegible]	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*
Coffee		*(Company)*	Pim Cow Bread	[illegible]	Vegetable	Cold Meat
Luncheon	Egg Salad	Black	Coffee	[illegible]	Toast	Toast
Asparagus	Tea Cake	Green Pepper	*Luncheon*	[illegible]	Cream Cheese	Apple
Tips in Potato	*Luncheon*	Asparagus Soup,	Vegetable Salad	[illegible]	Olives	Cake
Croustades,	Cheese Salad,	Chicken	Bread and Butter	[illegible]	Bread	Honey
Fruit-Cream	Sandwiches	Croquettes,	Sandwiches,	[illegible]	Bread, Muffins,	Sauce
Jellies,	Fruit Ring,	Shoe String	Stewed Fruit,	[illegible]	Tea Cakes	Summer
Iced Tea	Cookies	Potatoes	Cookies	[illegible]	Tea	Vegetable Salad
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	[illegible]	*Dinner*	Ripe Peaches
Mock Fillet	Cheese	Peach Ice Cream	Roast Lamb	[illegible]	Mint Sauce,	
of Beef,	Crackers	Marshmallow	Mint Sauce,	[illegible]	Steamed Rice	
Brown Sauce	Cookies	Cake	Steamed Rice	[illegible]	New Peas,	
Mashed Potatoes	Tea	*Luncheon*	Tea	[illegible]	Green Salad	
String Bean	Tomato Salad	Cold Beef Loaf,	Green Salad	[illegible]	Sweet Pepper	
Salad,	Peach Sweet	Baked Stuffed	Sweet Pepper	[illegible]	Watermelon	
Cantaloupes	Pickles	Watermelon	Watermelon	[illegible]	Fruit Cup	

Savory Luncheon Dishes

By Mar[illegible] Swain

The W[illegible]

M[illegible] C[illegible] B[illegible]

Cooking

Fried Eggs,

Omelettes with Boil[illegible]

[illegible]

The Golden Siren by M[illegible]

(Continued from Page 12)

"Does that say he is in your Laura's room?"

"Speak words of good omen! Santa Maria! I'll swear I heard a noise upstairs!"

Giannetto [illegible]

"Why, old [illegible] Laura wants for you, I'[illegible] stake my [illegible] Don't stand gaping like a [illegible] you simpleton!"

[illegible]

"Nor you either, port," said old Trinca, still listening at the open door.

"I did not go, I did not go!" cried Giannetto angrily. "I am dainty in my love affairs!"

"Hush!"

Giannetto came to the door and listened also.

The passage was ill-lit; between suspicion and avarice Trinca kept a man's establishment.

A low sound drifted down the dark stairway.

"A man's laugh!" whispered Trinca.

"A man's laugh!" repeated Giannetto. "Neri's laugh!"

A hideous cry broke from the old man's wrinkled throat.

"Upstairs! Upstairs! In Laura's room!" he sobbed.

He dropped his cherished key and clung to Giannetto with both quaking hands.

"Go up—go up and kill him! You are young and armed——"

But the port crouched back against the wall.

"And have Neri slit my throat in my pains!" he snarled. "You [illegible] love you, go and avenge [illegible] Laura if you think her worth [illegible]"

"Coward!" shrieked the old man. "Coward!" And staggering away [illegible] the stair jabbering in [illegible]

[illegible] against the door [illegible] and sick, grasping his [illegible] balls straining into the dark.

He dare not move, to offer and or call for it, for fear it was Neri upstairs and he should come down and squeeze the life out of him, kick his breath out of him with insult and outrage as he had so often dreamed Neri would [illegible] one day.

So he stood quivering.

There was the sound of a [illegible] banging and nothing else.

Giannetto waited so long and the house was so still that he felt it safe to creep away.

Whether or no it was Neri upstairs it seemed the old man would not appear again [illegible] Giannetto knew there were no servants in the house, the few old Trinca kept having been sent ahead to the country house where he was hurrying Laura on the morrow—it was safe for him to slink away and no one would know his cowardice—save old Trinca, and if that was Neri upstairs, why, Trinca would tell no tales of anyone.

Yet Giannetto did [illegible] easy to go.

A horrible [illegible] than his fear urge[illegible] desperately inquiet [illegible] himself what [illegible] When he reach[illegible] door light of [illegible] with terror it [illegible] grew must be [illegible] with the balcony. It [illegible] It was slightly open [illegible] light of a lamp also [illegible] aperture.

[illegible] Giannetto, [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] The [illegible] Lamp [illegible] among the ruins [illegible]

[illegible] Laura saw him and Lay.

No [illegible] soap—
No [illegible] soap [illegible]—
No more hard rubbing

My wife asked me to do this

Now I offer you a new delight —an olive oil shampoo

By V. K. CASSADY, B.S., M.S., *Chief Chemist*

My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And I asked me to try my hand. I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one. Olive oil—as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor if you would test it. And then let me have your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and luster from the hair. Scores of women told me this. And, too, famous specialists of the scalp. So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so much to one's charm.

A scientific creation

Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean. The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.

Yet—gleamingly, gloriously alive, immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

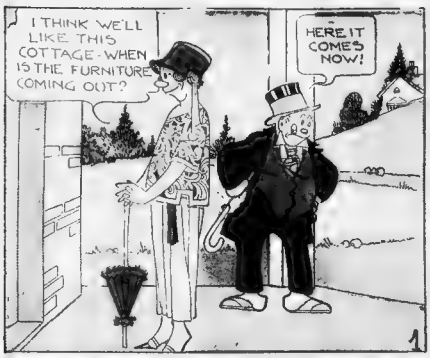
8 PAGE COLOR COMIC SECTION

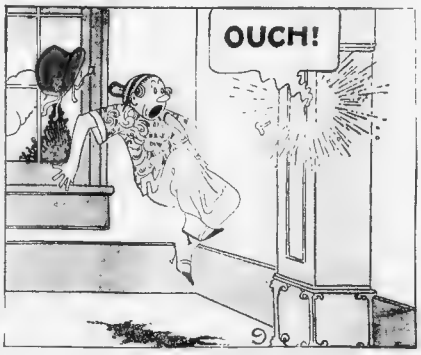
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

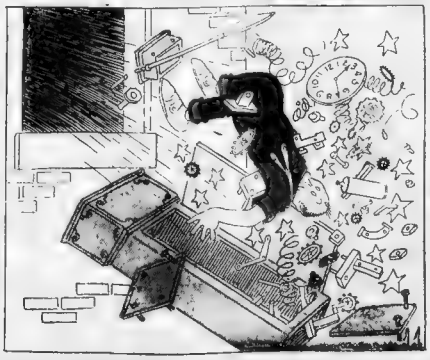
SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1923

8 PAGE COLOR COMIC SECTION

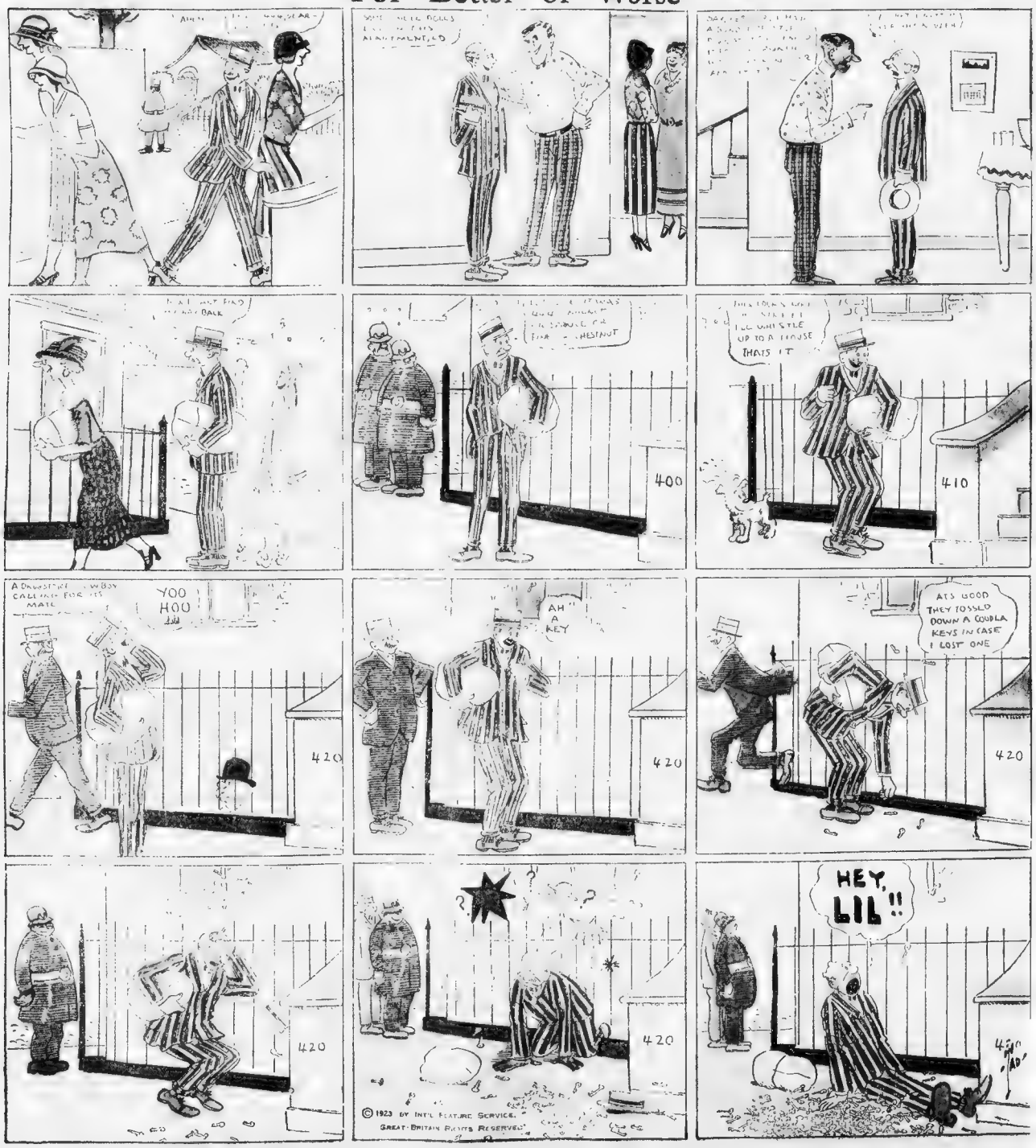
Bringing Up Father







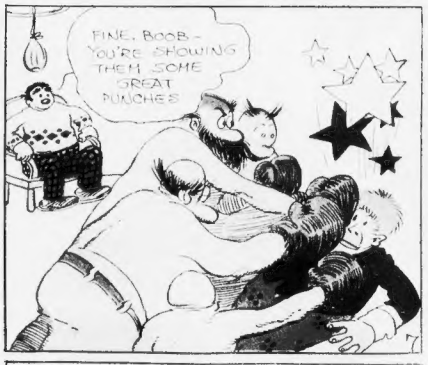
For Better or Worse

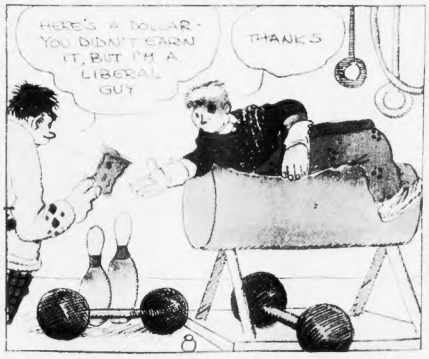


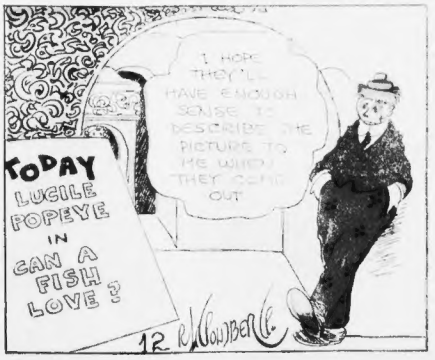
Barney Google

Tillie the Toiler

Boob McNutt

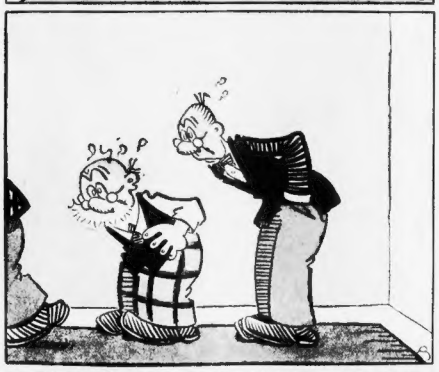


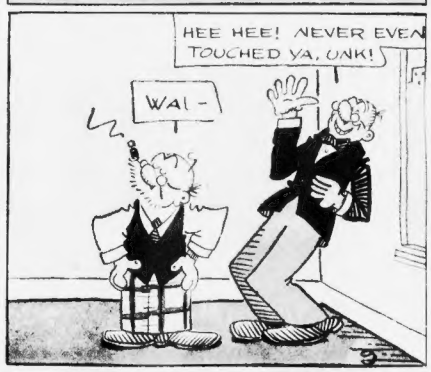


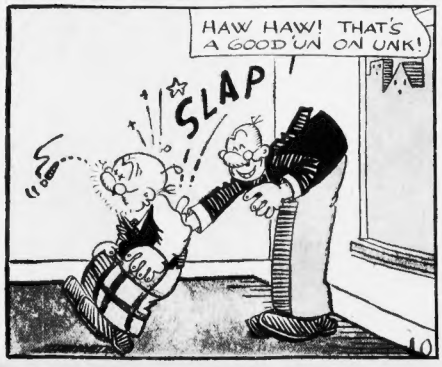


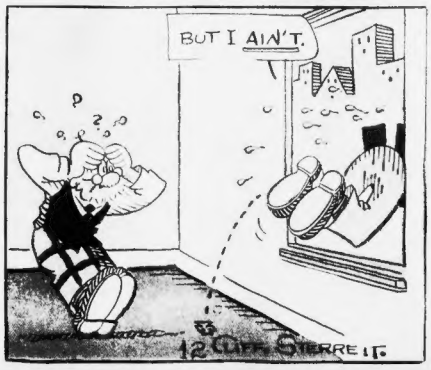
Happy Hooligan

Polly—Ashur Chooses His Own Means of Exit









The Katzenjammer Kids